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MR. FORSTER AT BRADFORD.

MR. FORSTER, when he addressed his constituents at Bradford, must have found himself in an exceptionally pleasant position. A member of Parliament who really approves of the Reform Bill is fortunate when he feels that it is necessary to justify his satisfaction. Conservative members, who can only say that they hope that their votes will not have ruined the country, are probably waiting for the cue which **MR. DISRAELI** will supply at the approaching Edinburgh dinner. In the meantime, their language indicates the confusion and vague alarm which fell on the suitors of Ithaca before their destruction. At a late Oxfordshire meeting Colonel NORTH and Colonel FANE judiciously relied on the authority of the absent **MR. HENLEY**, who had for some time recommended the adoption of household suffrage; and one of the speakers less prudently defended the accuracy of Lord DERBY in describing the Reform Bill as a leap in the dark. The appropriateness of the phrase has never been disputed, but a statesman who has engaged in so doubtful an adventure is not well advised in calling attention to his own precipitate recklessness. The graver members of the party are not deceived by the fantastic theory that they will find natural allies or docile followers among the newly-enfranchised householders. They may perhaps have dried the Liberal well by sinking a deeper shaft, but their own source of political supply will be drained in the first instance. In Oxfordshire the only ostensible security retained in the Bill will operate against the interests of the Conservative constituency. The minority is more likely to be represented in Oxfordshire and Berkshire than in Birmingham, although the supporters of extreme opinions will not find favour in either county. The embarrassment of agricultural members who have to explain the inconsistency of their votes with their principles deserves **MR. DISRAELI**'s compassionate consideration. He has already tried to satisfy his adherents by calling the higher class of artisans a Pretorian Liberal guard, and by boasting that he has deprived the Whigs of a monopoly of Reform; but simpler and more tangible explanations are required for ordinary use. Orangemen would distrust a leader who proposed to dispute with their Roman Catholic opponents the monopoly of devotion to the POPE. Although the admirable discipline of the party prevents open remonstrance, there is a prevalent suspicion that **MR. DISRAELI** has secured the golden eggs of office by killing the parent bird. Two respectable county members may establish an almost exclusive claim to the merit of having supported the Reform Bill in the belief that it was expedient, and not merely because it was unavoidable. **MR. HENLEY**, who despises theories, has a strong sympathy with the mass of the people; and he believes that it had become impossible to defend a mere reduction in the borough qualification. **MR. NEWDEGATE**, influenced perhaps in some degree by his Protestant prepossessions, has supported a large extension of the suffrage on the only legitimate ground, as a proper remedy for the growing weakness of Parliament. When a couple of seditious demagogues can venture to congratulate foreign revolutionists on the inability of England to engage in war, there is some reason for trying an experiment which will probably revive the pugnacious patriotism by which England was formerly distinguished. **MR. NEWDEGATE** deserves credit for his readiness to risk much which he must value in the hope of renewing the national vigour by a large infusion of popular energy.

The Conservatives may derive some consolation from the discomfiture of their accustomed opponents. The supporters of the Government can at least boast that the victory was won by their leader with their own unwilling aid; but the party which followed Lord PALMERSTON by choice, and **MR. GLADSTONE** by necessity, avoids as far as possible all occasions of political discussion. Few Liberal members will like to

appear as captives in the train of the triumphant workmen who are about to celebrate at the Crystal Palace their accession to power. **MR. GLADSTONE** returned a courteous reply to the invitation of **MR. POTTER** and his associates; but Lord RUSSELL expressed more candidly the feelings of his party when he disclaimed all sympathy with the objects of the meeting. His indignation against the piratical adversaries who have plagiarized his invention of Reform found natural vent in an enumeration of measures which he defies them to produce. Yet the experience of the last Session might have taught Lord RUSSELL the danger of challenging **MR. DISRAELI** to outbid the Liberal party in proposals of change. If an attack on the Irish Establishment seems likely to be popular and profitable, the author of household suffrage will not shrink from the duty of ecclesiastical reform. The confidence of the present Parliament and of the existing constituencies is only worth one year's purchase, and it may be thought expedient to make large offers for a permanent habitation with the future dispensers of power. **MR. FORSTER** expresses a reasonable hope that **MR. DISRAELI**'s stores of Radicalism are not yet exhausted; and he may be well assured that no unseasonable prejudice will interfere with the progressive policy of the Government, as long as the bulk of the party can be persuaded to obey its chief. An active Reformer is justified in thinking that changes are most conveniently introduced by a Conservative party, because the Government of their choice has no opposition to fear. Less zealous innovators might perhaps suggest that, in political as in forensic controversies, justice is promoted by the presence of competent advocates on either side. It is not expedient that sweeping legislation should escape the vigilance of a scrupulous Opposition. The Liberal party is precluded by its pledges and professions from resistance to measures which it would scarcely have ventured to propose in the face of a watchful minority. It must, however, be admitted that the future position of the Conservative party is not likely to enter into political calculations.

The language of **MR. FORSTER** at Bradford was moderate and statesmanlike, and it is satisfactory to find that some genuine supporters of Parliamentary Reform are not inclined to promote revolutionary measures. If it is true that the workmen of Bradford have not participated in the crimes of Trades' Unions, **MR. FORSTER**'s manly denunciation of the atrocities of Sheffield and Manchester may have been regarded as a compliment. The advanced section of politicians to which **MR. FORSTER** belongs has not coalesced with the malignant little sect which regards democracy only as a step towards the establishment of a new and stringent despotism. **MR. BEESLY**'s scandalous apologies for the Sheffield murders were vindicated by his political allies on the ground that he had confidentially discouraged the wickedness which he extenuated before the outer world; but **MR. FORSTER**, who is an Englishman and a practical politician, considers it a duty to express public abhorrence of murder. His authority may perhaps induce some of the more special leaders of the working-class to relieve their order from the discredit which it has incurred by more serious measures than formal professions of disapprobation. **MR. FORSTER**'s advocacy of the Ballot may be considered as a proof that the party which is rising to power still insists on an article of its creed which lately seemed to have become obsolete. Yet it is difficult to understand why the working-classes, who delight in proclaiming their independence, if not their hostility to employers and owners of property, should require protection against a danger which is, as they must know, absolutely non-existent. The revival of the demand for the Ballot has probably been provoked by the indiscreet anticipations expressed by ignorant young Tories of the power which money or influence might exercise among the poorer inhabitants of boroughs. The example of the United States proves that the greatest corruption is compatible with

nominal secret voting, although the American candidate buys the delegate to the Convention, instead of bargaining with the individual elector. The intimidation which is more effectually checked by the use of the ballot-box will in future be more commonly practised by demagogues and by mobs than by landlords and customers. If the vulgar agitators who are canvassing some of the metropolitan boroughs obtain the vote of a single respectable tradesman, their success will undoubtedly be exclusively due to terror. It is not impossible that, in spite of tradition and of theoretical objections, moderate and timid politicians may meet Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. FORSTER more than half way.

Mr. FORSTER's political programme includes a national system of education, the secularization of Irish Church property, and a considerable alteration in the laws affecting the settlement and inheritance of land. Of compulsory education he disapproves, on the reasonable ground that, in Old as in New England, a law requiring attendance at school would be merely a dead letter. The Factory Acts practically enforce the education of large numbers of children; and Mr. FORSTER sanguinely hopes that some similar measure will be applied to the agricultural districts. The rapid rise in the wages of farm labour has done much to check education, by compelling small farmers to rely as far as possible on the aid of their own families. In matters of education, as in other questions, it is more important to consider what will be done than to discuss its expediency. As the new electors are far less influenced by religious or sectarian motives than the middle-classes, there can be little doubt that the denominational system of education will be soon superseded. It is also nearly certain that the law of entail will be altered; and if the owners of property are prudent, they will prefer a compromise to the risk of extreme and destructive changes. It is true that the excessive accumulation of wealth, and especially of landed property, is a national evil; but the substitution of the French code for the English law of property would destroy the existing fabric of society. Mr. FORSTER is a favourable specimen of a resolute reformer who desires neither social nor political revolution. Whether the future possessors of power will be equally temperate in their aspirations is the principal mystery to be solved on the other side of the leap in the dark.

THE TWO THEORIES OF ITALIAN POLITICS.

THE recent career of GARIBALDI has not been particularly fortunate. He has stated the extreme theories which now form his programme of the future only to find himself eclipsed by theorists still more wild, and by followers more Garibaldian than himself. Most Englishmen will have merely noticed his late utterances as the wild fancies of a man who, if not a thinker, is an actor, and who may be pardoned for being a fool because he is also a hero. Considering, too, the deep debt of gratitude that Italy owes to the Emperor of the FRENCH, it seems in the last stage of bad taste that GARIBALDI should speak of him as of an arch fiend and enemy of Italy, and should denounce him as an evil-thinker and evil-doer, while the true France which he misgoverns is pure and noble, and the friend of everything Italian. Still, wild and ungrateful as his speeches may be, GARIBALDI is a power in Italy. On the stage of Italian politics he confronts LOUIS NAPOLEON as an equal. The fact is that, in however rude and imperfect a way, he represents one theory of Italian politics, while the Emperor of the FRENCH represents another. Both represent ideas and views and passions of the day. Both desire that Italy should be free, should enjoy national life, and play a peculiar and decisive part in European politics. But there they separate, for their conceptions of the part which Italy is to play are radically different. To GARIBALDI Italy appears a new-born heavenly power, fresh-risen like VENUS from the sea of a worn-out past, the mistress of the future, the pythoness of democracy. Although he cannot think, he can both feel and fight, and the sense of physical and heroic activity inspires him with an unwavering confidence in the incontestable superiority of his political theories. What to other men is a vague ideal of a dimly possible Europe of the future is to him a reality easily to be achieved by men with red shirts and cheap rifles. Democracy is to him the guiding star of mankind, and Italy is to be the home of true democracy. This is the key to the whole political career of GARIBALDI and MAZZINI, and the Radical section of Italian politicians. Italy, they believe, is a peculiar nation, gifted as no other nation is gifted, destined to perform a part that no other nation could undertake. They prize and love Italy because she alone is free to carry them on to their

legitimate conclusion, and is suited to show what democracy can be—not merely a successful system, but an embodiment of all that is best and noblest in the heart of man. The nonsense they talk is the nonsense of men who are at once patriots and fanatics, and this is the nonsense which has often proved itself wiser than the sense of the world. It is quite possible that enthusiasm for the popular cause may within a few years pass, in Europe generally, into a fierce and triumphant fanaticism. Although the ideas of GARIBALDI, so far as his cloudy aspirations deserve the name of ideas, will scarcely bear the test of even a lenient criticism, still it may be true that these ideas are in the ascendant, and that he will have contributed greatly to their ascendancy. Italy, too, may be the first exponent of these ideas, not because they are really in any exact sense Italian, but because Italy, from the force of circumstances and the pressure of those who happen to be her popular leaders, will most readily test what is the true worth of this new phase of democracy.

It is not surprising that the Italian policy of the French EMPEROR should be both less Utopian and more accommodated to the immediate wants of the Continent. In the programme of the French EMPEROR, Italy is meant to play a useful but still a subordinate part. It is not Italy that has a mission given her by Providence so much as France, and the duty which Italy has to perform is to aid France in carrying out the Imperial plans for the regeneration of Europe. LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes to see Italy opulent, flourishing, and powerful, just as he wishes at present to see Austria holding her own against her Northern neighbours. He desires that both Austria and Italy should enjoy a settled and moderate prosperity, sufficient to make them useful allies, but not sufficient to make them either obstacles or rivals. France is to occupy the position of the giant, and Austria and Italy are to be humble but efficient dwarfs, making war under her auspices, and thriving in the intervals of war upon peace and commerce. It is a portion, accordingly, of his scheme that the Italians should be reconciled to the Church. Until such a reconciliation is effected they will not be ready to share his ideas about a Southern European league, designed to strengthen the hands of France against the growing power of a Protestant Germany under the hegemony of Prussia. It forms no part of his conception that Italy should give herself up to working out democratic theories independently of the rest of the world. The EMPEROR looks at Italy from the point of view of a French statesman; GARIBALDI is merely a republican theorist of the advanced European school. The Italian democrat naturally puts Italy in the front, and believes that Heaven has assigned to her the duty of leading and enlightening the world. But LOUIS NAPOLEON is too much of a Frenchman to think anything of the kind. He probably does not care whether or not the Italians work out a single political problem to their own satisfaction. It is important for his purposes that they should be well governed, that they should not be insolvent or disorderly, and it will be so much gained if he can persuade them to be decently religious. His interests are distinctly involved, at present, in the maintenance of the Monarchy. As long as the Italian Constitution lasts, he knows that he will have in the Italian peninsula to deal with a Foreign Office which he can understand, and the policy of which to a certain extent he can manipulate. After VICTOR EMMANUEL will come the deluge, and when the deluge comes in Italy, the French must look elsewhere for a pliable and trustworthy friend. The worst that can happen for Imperial interests on the other side of the Alps is that the Mazzinian party should acquire strength to paralyse the Executive. As soon as this happens, Italy will be solely taken up with her own internal development. She will be banishing the priests, abolishing the Catholic faith, working out economical questions of every sort, modelling her institutions on an extreme revolutionary basis, and leading rather than following France. The antipathy which NAPOLEON III. entertains towards the extreme democratic party in the South of Europe is not less observable than his dislike of the old reactionary ideas of the beginning of the century. Both schools are equally capable of hindering him in his career. If Europe, or even if Italy, goes too fast for France, the mission of France is over.

The great probability is that both these views embody a portion, and a portion only, of the truth. Europe cannot afford to see Italy postpone her political development to the diplomatic requirements of the French EMPEROR. NAPOLEON III. is rather a politician of the day than a statesman of the future. The Italians are in some ways peculiarly fitted to embark on, and to lead the way over, the difficult sea of political experiments. They are, in the first place, a new nation. They

have no ancient traditions or feudal institutions to hamper them; they have no extravagant revolutionary excesses to regret, and no time-worn institutions to preserve. The ecclesiastical problems presented to them come to them in a very easy shape. They have to do with a Church which has forfeited its claim to the veneration and the gratitude of the nation by its anti-national policy no less than by its own domestic mismanagement. Of the only aristocracy with which they are acquainted, one-half is prepared to accompany them on their progress, and even to initiate change; the other half is purely bad, and deserving of no sort of consideration or respect. Besides this, the Italians, above all other nations, have the same sort of genius in politics that they have always possessed in art. The English can act without thinking. The Germans can think without acting. The French are neither really experimental nor thoroughly theoretic politicians. But the Italians have a singular capacity for carrying theory into practice, and those of their public men who are educated unite in a remarkable degree real intellectual insight with courage to work out their ideas as legislators and as men of action. It would be a great pity if a people with such undeniable advantages were to be reduced simply to playing the part of aide-de-camp to a French general. On the other hand, the history of the last fifteen years ought to convince any sober observer, who is neither the slave of extreme doctrines nor the adherent of a particular faction, that Liberal ideas in Europe would fare badly if it were not for French support. As to the French EMPEROR himself we say nothing. But one cannot help feeling that French influence on the Continent, in spite of the occasional selfishness and eccentricity of the French Foreign Office, is on the whole salutary and progressive. It may be that Germany is destined to be a more consistent and reliable Liberal guide. But, as yet, German politics are in too unsettled a condition to allow of any sure speculation on the subject. As far as we can see, France has of late done good, and may yet be capable of doing more. And while this is so, Englishmen can so far divest themselves of insular prejudice as to perceive that it is undesirable that France should be isolated or overpowered. In the present condition of affairs France has to think of her own self-preservation. It is not unnatural that she should turn to Italy for support. That either of the two Powers should engage in an attempt to put down German nationality would be, we hope, as useless an enterprise as it would be detestable; but the services which France has rendered to the cause of freedom are patent, while those which Prussia has to render are yet to come. Nobody can wish to see Italy otherwise than independent and free. But it may be doubted whether the world would benefit if Italy were to insist on ignoring all the ties that bind her, we do not say to the French Empire, but to France. Perhaps, therefore, it may be considered as fortunate for Europe that both NAPOLEON III. and GARIBALDI survive to maintain each of them their own special position as regards Italian politics. Italy could not do without GARIBALDI, in spite of all his faults; or, at all events, it could not do without the ideas which GARIBALDI perhaps imperfectly represents. But, on the other hand, the time perhaps is not come—though possibly it may be approaching—when the Continent can afford to do without the services of the French EMPEROR.

GERMANY.

IT is perhaps fortunate for Germany that the Prussian Government has reasons of its own for wishing that the Northern Confederation should for the present be confined to its actual limits. Under the mild or timid government of petty princes, a strong Republican feeling has grown up in some of the South-Western States; nor could the strong attachment to the family of HOHENZOLLERN which is the most conservative element in Prussian politics be expected to influence a remote population. The Prussian system will probably be found capable of assimilating Hanover and other recent acquisitions, and it will gradually prevail against the provincial feelings of Saxony and the other nominally independent portions of the Federation. If the minor States should organize a separate opposition in the Federal Parliament, their votes will be easily neutralized by the Prussian majority; but a reinforcement from Bavaria and Suabia might perhaps render the new comers at the same time able and willing to resist the presiding Government. It appears from the King of PRUSSIA's opening speech that the Session will be occupied with practical measures of legislation, tending principally to efface the distinctions created by internal frontiers. Germany has at all times regarded itself, for

many purposes, as one nation, even when its rulers were reciprocally asserting their independence by hostile policy and diplomacy. By complying with certain forms, every subject of a German prince could transfer his allegiance to any other State, nor was any practice more common than the acceptance of civil or military service under a potentate who had no previous claim on the loyalty of his new subject. The preservation of this essential proof of national unity was perhaps due to the traditional sovereignty which the German Emperors nominally exercised in almost all parts of the dominions of their early predecessors. Citizens of the Free Cities, knights and nobles holding immediately of the Empire, and even cadets of princely houses, recognised in the Austrian Court an indefinite supremacy, and more especially a right and duty of patronage. The Imperial generals were often members of reigning German families, and civil dignitaries were selected as readily among comparative strangers as from the subject population of the hereditary States. The METTERNICHs, who were Counts from the Palatinate, were never considered intruders at Vienna. As the kingdom of Prussia grew into importance, the same practice of employing natives of other parts of Germany was naturally borrowed. The Dukes of BRUNSWICK were at all times military clients and officers of Prussia; and private subjects of German States followed the example of the princes, by serving the Prussian Crown. NIEBUHR was a native of Holstein, and he had belonged to the Danish civil service before he formed an engagement with the Prussian Government. STEIN, like METTERNICH, belonged to a noble family settled on the Rhine, and GNEISENAU was a Hanoverian. One of the most recent and signal illustrations of universal German citizenship has been furnished by the elevation of Baron BEUS, long Prime Minister of the little kingdom of Saxony, to the highest place in the Government of Austria. Notwithstanding the formal dissolution of the old Confederacy, community of race and language, combined with ancient custom, will still cause a German to be recognised as a countryman wherever the common tongue is spoken. The legislative measures which are to create a still closer union among the States of the Northern Confederacy would, like the restrictions of a Trades' Union, have a mischievous effect if they made the distinction between the members of the Federation and the outlying parts of Germany more conspicuous. The new laws will probably be intended rather as experimental models, which may afterwards, as far as they may be found convenient, be applied to the future German Union. It will be easier to correct an error affecting the more limited community than to fit political patterns to the dimensions of the larger body. It may be doubtful whether the formation of the Italian kingdom would not have been more easily and satisfactorily completed if the annexation of the Southern part of the peninsula had been postponed for ten or fifteen years. The lump of Piedmontese leaven had scarcely virtue enough to affect the inorganic mass of Naples and Sicily, in addition to the civilized provinces and duchies of the North and the centre. It would be absurd to compare the enlightened population of Southern Germany to Sicilians or Neapolitans; but time is necessary for amalgamating materials even of uniformly excellent quality. If the Federal Parliament contents itself with the duties which are prescribed to it by the presiding Sovereign, the incomplete success of the campaign of 1866 will not have been ultimately disadvantageous to Germany.

The diplomatic expediency of a provisionally self-denying policy on the part of Prussia is still more obvious than the domestic reasons for moderation. Even if the jealousy of France could be appeased or safely disregarded, Count BISMARCK would be ill-advised in bringing his Government prematurely face to face with the great difficulty of Austrian Germany. The union of Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria with the Northern Confederation would exhibit the provisional exclusion of the hereditary Austrian States from Germany in a still more absurdly anomalous light. M. ROUHER, by mistake or by intention, confused substance with temporary form when he asserted that the effect of the Prussian victories of last year had been to divide Germany into three. The publication of the treaties of offensive and defensive alliance with the Southern States was a sufficient answer to the French Minister's paradox; but it is true that Germany is still divided into two unequal portions. The Duchy of Austria and the Tyrol are not prepared to abandon their reigning House in its distress, and yet their inhabitants are Germans of the purest blood, with a not inglorious history which inseparably associates them with the fortunes of the nation. Time may perhaps supply the solution of a difficulty which need not be hastily anticipated. In the meantime it is convenient that the attention of Germany and of France should be directed to

the simpler relations between the North and South-western States. Although, as Count BISMARCK's recent Circular intimates with almost superfluous distinctness, Germany will not be deterred by foreign interference from cementing internal union, it would be unjustifiable to increase the difficulties of the French Government by a precipitate challenge, if the Emperor NAPOLEON sincerely desires the maintenance of peace. The prejudices of Frenchmen may be unreasonable, but they ought to be taken into consideration when the only question is whether the extension of the Federal territory should be effected at the moment, or after an interval of a few years. The treaties with the South in the meantime provide security against foreign aggression; and the Customs Union recognises and perpetuates the identity of commercial interests. It has been justly remarked that the overtures for union ought to proceed from the weaker party, inasmuch as France would have a more plausible complaint against Prussia for annexing Baden than against Baden for seeking the protection of Prussia. A war with France would probably end in the definite triumph of German independence, but the conflict would be terrible and doubtful. It is only among the irresponsible charlatans of a Peace Congress that the perils and miseries of war can be regarded with levity or complacency.

While the task of the Prussian Government and of the North German Parliament is, in all other respects, as legitimate as it is hopeful, the wanton delays which have occurred in the settlement of the North Schleswig dispute offend every feeling of justice. The rights of the Danish nation, and of the inhabitants of the province, though they are derived technically from the Treaty of Prague, rest intrinsically on far higher grounds of expediency and equity. No other territory in Europe is held by an alien Government under a bare claim of recent conquest. Nice itself was transferred by an ostensibly voluntary negotiation; and Prussia, in taking possession of Hanover and of some other districts, was at least acting within the limits of Germany. It is impossible to suppose that the retention of sovereignty over a few thousand discontented Danes can in any way promote the strength or greatness of Prussia. In assenting to the Treaty of Prague, Count BISMARCK recognised the justice of the Danish claims, and he is not likely to be moved by sentimental sympathy with the few German settlers who might, by a restitution of the province, once more be placed under the authority of the Government which had commanded their allegiance before the Danish war. The imprudent language which is sometimes used by justly irritated Danes ought not to be made a pretext for refusing a fair restitution. No critic, either in Germany or in foreign countries, would attribute the surrender of the Danish province to fear or want of patriotism. The French Government is apparently urging upon Denmark the use of conciliatory language; and Austria, which, according to Count BISMARCK, is exclusively entitled to demand the performance of the stipulations of Prague, has disavowed any interest in the proposed concession. A powerful State, under a great Minister, ought not to dread misrepresentation; and the Prussian Government, in its published comments on the rumours and surmises growing out of the Salzburg interview, has sufficiently vindicated its reputation for firmness and resolution. After the issue of his recent manifesto, Count BISMARCK might well afford to perform an act of politic generosity towards a weak neighbour.

THE FENIANS AT MANCHESTER.

THE most vehement of the advocates for amended institutions in Ireland will admit that the proceedings of the present week at Manchester are not of a kind to which the Government can show any lenient blindness, or the nation be expected to extend the faintest sort of indulgence. The Irish Church may be all wrong, and the Irish land may be all wrong; but this is no reason whatever why Manchester policemen should be shot through the head, and the public order of this country be openly and violently outraged. Society may stand in abundant need of improvement in all sorts of ways, but we are not so utterly effete and crumbling to pieces as to permit this practical abrogation of the very principles on which society is founded. Orangemen, Fenians, BROADHEADS, and their like, must all learn the salutary lesson that order is the first condition of social existence, and that whoever breaks it, on whatever pretext, philosophic, philanthropic, socialistic, or patriotic, will do so at his full personal peril. No nation in the stage at which we have arrived can possibly endure the atrocious defiance which has within the last few months been publicly given to the most elementary laws of State existence. Hitherto, indeed, we have learnt,

perhaps not very much to our credit, to look upon bloody breaches of the law as an inevitable condition of things in the sister island. Too careless about the origin of social and political disaffection, we have come to look upon its overt symptoms, monstrous and full of mischief as they are, as maladies very disagreeable indeed, but natural and ineradicable in the state of Ireland. Assassinations of landlords by murderous combinations of peasants, open assemblages for the purpose of breaking the law, endangering life, and destroying property, and all the rest of it, have only passed dimly before our eyes, first because they are too familiar, and secondly because Ireland, though near enough to our shores, is at the same time remote enough to make us feel only a shade less indifferent than if she were where Jamaica is. It is far otherwise when the same kind of offence has been perpetrated in one of the most important cities in the empire, within a five hours' journey of London. That such an outrage as the deliberate massacre of policemen by an organized and prepared band should have taken place at Manchester, suggests that it may take place to-morrow in Cheapside, or on any point of the route from a police-station to Coldbath Fields. Once transfer the civil war—for it is about as much a civil war as the Abyssinian expedition is a foreign war—from Ireland to England, and we shall soon be roused to the urgent necessity of putting an end to it, by one means or another. The Chester affair was a premonitory warning, but, as it passed off without bloodshed, people did not pay very much attention to it. The horrible affray at Manchester, if that can be called a mere affray in which a couple of score of assailants suddenly shot promiscuously at half a dozen unprepared policemen, will not be so easily passed over. The premeditated murder of an inoffensive man in the discharge of a civil duty is one of the few things which thoroughly kindle the anger of a law-regarding nation. No amount of petitions or arguments will suffice to save anybody who can be proved to have taken a part in this detestable affair from such a punishment as will be likely to prove a strong deterrent to others. Coming fresh after the BROADHEAD murders, the Manchester atrocity would really seem to show that the very foundations of order in this country are temporarily removed, and that they will not be restored without strong and drastic measures. Plain unadorned murder is one of the few actions which one cannot argue about. No political considerations, pretexts, or pleas can avail a feather in the case. If a body of Fenians attack a police-barrack in Ireland, we do not exactly call it attempted murder, because the country is, in a manner, in a state of war. But there is no semblance of war in Manchester, no proclaimed district, no suspension of Habeas Corpus, nor any other form of declaring that each side must look out for itself. The two prisoners, KELLY and DEASY, were taken up for prowling about the streets in the dead of night, with the then supposed intent of burglary. If any mercy or philosophic sympathy is to be shown to their rescuers, it will be due quite as much to any band of ruffians who may choose to waylay the constables who apprehended the CASELY gang, and to shoot them all dead. We have had enough and too much sympathy of late for criminals because they happened to be political criminals. If we are favoured with a little more disorder, we shall probably begin to see that the criminals who assault the very foundations of society, and boldly defy the whole power of the State, are not only the silliest and most malignant, but also the most widely destructive of all criminals.

Perhaps we are not likely to discover, for some time to come at all events, what were the exact designs of the two Irish-American prisoners. Though they are probably quite capable of burglary, we may be pretty sure that the contributions of their followers are abundant enough to place them above the painful necessity of resorting to this mode of getting a living. The Irish population of Lancashire is exceedingly numerous and very well-to-do. Apart from the labourers of Liverpool and Birkenhead, who are of a rougher class, there are in Manchester and in the surrounding towns, especially in Preston, vast numbers of Irish artisans with good wages, and endowed with some of those useful social virtues which only appear impossible to them in their native country. It is very difficult to estimate the strength of their affection for the country in which they live, but we may be certain that it is not overwhelming. The priests, however, are believed to have a good deal of influence, and this of course is uniformly employed in favour of order. And it is not very long since a large number of the Irish inhabitants of Blackburn, one of the most important of the Manchester tributaries, assembled warmly to disclaim

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an imputed sympathy with Fenian designs. Still the fact that in Manchester there could be found a large band of men desperate and lawless enough to plan beforehand an armed and sanguinary assault upon the officers of the law is extremely serious. It lends colour to the supposition that the midnight prowlings of the two ruffians first seized had for their end something much more nefarious and widely dangerous than a mere burglary. That they would attempt to get up a prolonged disturbance in a place with troops, and with a strong police like that of Manchester, is not likely. But, after all, this time last week we should have said that a murderous rescue of a couple of prisoners, on political grounds, in a public spot in a great English city, was not at all likely. It is always the unforeseen that happens. Without being unreasonably alarmist, we cannot be wrong in apprehending that men who are desperate enough for the feat of last Wednesday are desperate enough for larger and still more flagitious enterprises, if we can conceive of enterprises more flagitious. One result of this bringing the "sacred right of insurrection" to our own doors may be predicted. It will dispel a good deal of that vapoury deprecation of decisive measures with which the English atmosphere is so heavily overcharged. Then, again, that halting and feeble policy which has hitherto sufficed for the country whence these incredible outrages are spreading will suffice no longer. We shall see that the system of temporizing is the worst of all possible systems. Sanguinary lawlessness such as that exhibited at Manchester, whether confined to isolated acts or bursting forth in some more widely organized design for injuring this country, will equally persuade us that we have no more urgent task than first to suppress disaffection without either hesitation or delay, and then to apply all the statesmanship and political force we have to remedy the Irish system. The Fenians will not overthrow the British Empire. But one or two desperate gangs of them may inflict one or two terribly destructive blows upon given cities. This is a peril which we are not prepared to undergo merely for the sake of indolently allowing a class or faction in Ireland to have its own oppressive way. In the meantime it will be both just and salutary to prove to the marauding adventurers who bring bloodshed and confusion here, that they come within reach of an iron hand. Anything is preferable to sheer universal anarchy.

SPAIN.

THE suppression of the blundering revolt in Spain has been followed by the usual consequences. Hundreds of persons known or suspected to be opponents of the Government have been transported to distant colonies; and it has become an object of intrigue or of bribery to obtain the favour of deportation to some comparatively healthy part of the world. The Ministers published an amnesty while it was still uncertain whether the rebellion might become formidable; but they are now sufficiently reassured to dispense with all moderation, and it is said that the only limit to the compulsory exile of their victims has been imposed by the remonstrances of their colleague in the Finance Department. Wholesale expulsion of untried members of the upper and middle classes is not too lawless or too cruel for the political morality of Spain, but in practice it is found too expensive. The freight of prison-ships is rising, and the Finance Minister can find no funds for the continuance of the vigorous measures which have been adopted. It is satisfactory to find that even Spanish Governments still maintain a superiority in civilization to their mongrel kinsmen in South America. JUAREZ shoots, when NARVAEZ only transports; and it is evident that the Mexican process is easier and cheaper. It is true that military executions are common in Spain, but they never attain the proportions of a Mexican massacre. In both countries the possessors of authority consider themselves entirely exempt from the restraints of law, and there is no reason to suppose that their violence is repugnant to public opinion. The political and religious training of centuries seems to have annihilated the aptitude for freedom which once characterized the Spanish race. After the establishment of the Inquisition, and the consolidation of despotic power by CHARLES V., the Spaniards were still for a time the most vigorous race in Europe; but the destruction of their ancient liberties gradually and fatally affected the national character. Under the Austrian kings, under the male line of BOURBONS, and under revolutionary despotism, Spain and the Spanish colonies have been equally indifferent to the enjoyment of freedom. The Republic of Peru has lately adopted a new Constitution, including all the ordinary democratic forms, by which the public worship of any dissenting sect is expressly prohibited. No party in any

Spanish country cares for the rights which seem to Englishmen indispensable conditions of political existence.

The Peace Congress and other associations for reforming the world might be profitably occupied, not in devising measures for the regeneration of Spain, but in convincing themselves, by the study of a crucial instance, of the quackery and absurdity of their own special contrivances for producing a millennium. In spite of a spasmodic desire to contrive occasions of quarrel with petty opponents, Spain has practically been exempt from foreign wars since the Duke of ANGOULÊME's expedition more than forty years ago. O'DONNELL's cheap triumphs over Morocco involved no serious strain on the resources of the country; and it has been found impossible to continue hostilities in the Western hemisphere. The unopposed reconquest of San Domingo was followed by the forced evacuation of the island; and the war with Peru and Chili seems to have died away, although peace has not been formally concluded. The prudence of General PRIM relieved the Spanish Government from participation in the Quixotic enterprise of the French in Mexico; and there has never been any temptation to meddle with the disputes of European nations. With the exception of the colonial garrisons, the entire army has been exclusively available for revolt and for the suppression of revolt. France and England have long since ceased to meddle with Spanish dissensions, and no other European Government has either the wish or the power to interfere. Since the claims of the Pretender have been forgotten the dynasty has been secure, except against the accumulating contempt and indignation which may perhaps ultimately produce its fall. The Republicans are generally silent and invisible, and there are no Nonconformists to arouse a spirit of persecution. The most plausible modern refinements have been incorporated into the Constitution and the laws, and there is nominally a Parliamentary Government. The population is among the most homogeneous in Europe, nor is there a Spanish Ireland or Poland to create difficulties of religion and race. The miserable Governments of the country have not even the excuse of public distress, for mismanagement has failed in preventing a considerable increase of general prosperity; yet the series of sterile sedition and of lawless repression appears likely to be interminable. The only important institution in the country is a mutinous army.

None of the resolutions or proposals of the Peace Congress would be in any way applicable to the wants of Spain. It is true that the form of government is a military monarchy, but under any nominal change of constitution some successful soldier would exercise the despotic power which now passes under the name of the QUEEN. The Presidents of the South American Republics are reproductions of Spanish Marshals, with the disadvantage of additional permanence, inasmuch as they are not exposed to the risk of palace intrigues. Although titles and grandeeships still exist, the political and social institutions of Spain have long been entirely democratic. The old nobility is effete and generally impoverished, and the generals who decorate themselves with dukedoms are not even recognised by the real aristocracy as members of their own class. It is impossible to suppose that the newfangled device of a federation of democracies would tend in the smallest degree to improve the condition of Spain; for England itself is not more entirely removed by position and national habit from foreign interference. On the whole, a change of dynasty seems the least hopeless of all the political experiments which a patriotic Spaniard might desire to try. Experience has shown that, in the absence of a governing class, Parliaments are powerless against a corrupt Court and an army commanded by adventurers. If some rare chance should place a man of sense and honesty on the throne of Spain, he might perhaps ally himself with the representatives of the people against the domineering soldiers who have long succeeded one another in power. The army would require a firm hand to restrain it, but when regular government had maintained itself for a time, even Spanish officers would perhaps discover that mutinous intrigues were not the readiest mode of obtaining promotion. The sounder part of the nation would respect a sovereign who was not governed by a priest, by a nun, by a fiddler, or by a dancer. Except during the early days of CHARLES III., no King or Queen since the accession of the BOURBONS has ever risen above the lowest intellectual or moral level. PHILIP VI., CHARLES IV., and FERDINAND VII. prepared the way for eccentricities on the part of the existing Court which in any other country in Europe would be an impossible anachronism.

While the exiles of Fernando Po and the Philippine Islands are exposed to a savage persecution, the disappointment of the generals and politicians who have been waiting

at Biarritz may be a legitimate source of amusement. It seems to have been understood that it was PRIM's turn to make himself Minister, if he could induce the army to mutiny in his favour; but the leader of the rebellion himself has never been seen since the beginning of the disturbances, nor is it even known whether he ventured to cross the frontier into Spain. It is asserted that the movement was too early or too late, and that a slight change of circumstances might have turned the loyal troops into not less triumphant rebels. Whatever may be the explanation of the failure, it is assumed that the attempt will be repeated; and, as PRIM has not succeeded in deserving the applause of the spectators, O'DONNELL is invited to step down as matador into the political arena. If he justifies the expectations of his admirers, the next struggle will perhaps be unusually interesting, as it may possibly involve the fate of the dynasty as well as the fortunes of the Minister. O'DONNELL, though he raised himself to power by the customary method of a military revolt, was distinguished from the mass of his predecessors and successors by a certain elevation of policy which, if it was partly histrionic, may not have been wholly unconnected with patriotic feelings. His Moorish and South American wars were unnecessary and unwise, but they indicated a desire to escape from the wretched circle of domestic intrigues and revolutions. At one time O'DONNELL hoped to place a Spanish prince on the throne of Mexico, and he made numerous efforts to restore his country to its former rank as one of the Great Powers of Europe. His recognition of the King of ITALY was a wise and bold act of defiance to the ecclesiastical advisers of the Court, and it may probably have been one of the causes of the Minister's fall. Since his dismissal from office, O'DONNELL is supposed to have announced his determination never again to return to power as Minister of Queen ISABELLA, and consequently any attempt which he may make against NARVAEZ will be regarded with curiosity as a possible revolution. There would, however, be great difficulty in selecting a suitable candidate for the throne of Spain. The King of PORTUGAL descends from the capable and flourishing family of COBURG; he is in the prime of life, and he is connected by marriage with the reigning Houses of Italy and France; but he has no hereditary claim to the Spanish Crown, and kings who accept popular invitations to supplant their neighbours are naturally regarded with suspicion by the class to which they belong. The union of the Peninsula into a single kingdom would probably be discountenanced by the French Government, unless the feeling of jealousy were soothed by the consequent withdrawal of Portugal from its ancient and nearly obsolete connexion with England. The election of the King of PORTUGAL by the nation, and not merely by a military leader, would be creditable to Spain as a proof of national indignation against the crimes and follies which have been perpetrated during the present reign. The simpler alternative of inducing the QUEEN to abdicate in favour of her son appears, for sufficiently intelligible reasons, not to be popular in Spain.

THE CONDITION OF AUSTRIA.

NEWSPAPER readers in search of a sensation may perhaps find one in a direction where it would hardly occur to them to look for it. The *Times* has again got a foreign Correspondent who has the faculty of writing, and who takes sufficient interest in politics to think them worth writing about. For the most part the *Times* seems to consider that the labour of reading it ought to be its own reward. It scorns to make our virtue less by giving us too much news for our pains. The value of this unexpected blessing is consequently enhanced by the apprehension that it is not likely to last. The Austrian Correspondent is still new to his work. His first letter only appeared a fortnight ago. The *Times* can afford to wait a little in the hope that this ill-regulated passion for telling the public what they want to hear will die out of itself. By and by, if its vitality proves too persistent, the chastening process must be applied. A file of the Paris correspondence will be sent as the model for future letters; and the days will return when the reader will once more say of the "Foreign Intelligence," "I have no pleasure in it."

Meanwhile, however, the Vienna letters give an unusually succinct and intelligible account of some of the dangers with which Austria is at present threatened. What means of meeting them the Empire possesses can only be satisfactorily determined after the event. But it may be fairly credited, at starting, with three valuable aids—a competent Minister, a Parliamentary system, and a large amount of practical liberty. Baron BEUST has had as yet but a short time in which

to display his political capacities in the untried field which the conduct of affairs in Austria necessarily presents to him. But he has given one conspicuous proof of ability for the work he has to do. He has altogether broken with his old traditions. During his tenure of office at Dresden he was the Minister rather of the Germanic Confederation than of the Kingdom of Saxony. All the inclinations natural to his past career would therefore have led him to identify himself with the German element in Austria. In spite, however, of his antecedents, he has steadily set himself to do the exact contrary. The specially German statesman has become the apostle of Dualism; the Minister from whom the most pronounced opposition to the Hungarian claims was to be looked for is the Minister whose political future is altogether bound up with the concession of them. The Parliamentary system of Austria is still but a recent revival; and though there was never any question of the capacity of the Hungarian Diet, the Reichsrath has not at present displayed any remarkable fitness for the functions it has to perform. To this is attributable Baron BEUST's failure to form a responsible Ministry for the Cis-Leithan provinces. Without such help his negotiations with the Hungarian Ministers have necessarily been carried on at a disadvantage. They have a Parliament at their back; he has not. But a Parliamentary Ministry implies a Parliamentary majority, and this the Reichsrath cannot as yet supply. It is not that the Government are in a minority, and the Opposition in a majority; it is that, owing to the deficiency of party organization, there is no majority anywhere. But even this very circumstance, though it is a serious obstacle to the working of a Parliamentary system, is at the same time a proof of its genuineness. It shows, at all events, that the Government had no hand in the elections. We hear no such complaints of the Corps Législatif or the North-German Parliament. NAPOLEON III. and Count BISMARCK know where to lay their hands on a majority. It is to the increased freedom of speech and action throughout the Empire, however, that the testimony of the *Times* Correspondent is most valuable. He has seen the old system and the new in actual working, and compared the two. Personal liberty is now guaranteed by law, "and you move about as freely as 'you do in England.'" The Censorship is gone, so that foreign books and newspapers come in without stint or hindrance. The laws which regulate the press are to a great extent assimilated to those of this country. There are certain securities to be given, and certain formalities to be complied with, before establishing a paper; but, once established, it is beyond the control of the Executive. If the Government feel aggrieved by newspaper comments, their only remedy lies in an appeal to the ordinary tribunals. The result is, not only that the number of papers has greatly increased, but that "in some of the organs of the extreme fractions of the 'Austrian nationality you find things that very likely the 'boldest organ of Fenianism in Ireland or England would hesitate to insert, while in France, Germany, and probably Italy, such outbursts would not be tolerated for an instant.'" The prudence of prosecuting the Hungarian paper which published M. KOSSUTH's manifesto has lately been under consideration; but the point on which the discussion has turned has been simply whether a jury would be likely to convict. This is just England over again—every movement of the Government checked by the necessity of obeying a law external to itself. Hitherto such an idea has been hardly known abroad. It has been supposed, and in a great majority of cases rightly supposed, to be peculiarly incompatible with Continental theories of authority. Men have differed as to who should control the press or determine the class of sentiments to be proscribed; and revolutions have been the result of their differences. But they have mostly agreed that such a power should reside somewhere. The fight has been for its possession, not for its abolition.

The future of Austria really hinges on one point. Will the various races of which the Empire is composed prefer political freedom and ultimate material prosperity to the phantom of an impossible independence? Hungary has already indicated what her answer to this question will be. The Slavonic provinces have still to pronounce upon it; and here, unfortunately, there is neither the political harmony nor the political capacity which have throughout been displayed by the Magyars. No doubt Bohemia and Croatia have their legitimate grounds of complaint, and they cannot be blamed for pressing them upon the attention of the Government at the time when they can best ensure being listened to. But the desire for union, which seems to be the dominant passion of the Slavonic populations of South-eastern Europe, at all events of the noisiest section of them, goes far beyond any

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more redress of grievances. When Hungary tried in 1849 to separate herself from Austria, she had a reasonable end in view. Emancipation from present misrule, and the hope of existing once more as an independent State, are motives which appeal to natural political instincts. But the Slavonic sentiment in Austria can claim no such credit. At this moment Austria is probably the best-governed country on the Continent; and the professed wish of her discontented subjects is not independence, but unity. In the mouth of a Slave, unity has only one meaning. It stands invariably for union with Russia. Doubtless those who thus use it are so far right that absorption into the dominions of the CZAR is the only future that would await them if once separated from Austria. The singularity of the thing is that such a proposal as this should have so many charms for them. They long to sacrifice their freedom on the altar of nationality. They would rather be the subjects of a Slavonic despotism than share the benefits of a constitutional monarchy with people of another race. The theory of nationality is here seen in its extremest form, and, when thus manifested, it is really hard to say whether it most deserves contempt or reprobation.

Still the difficulty of reconciling these warring elements is not, it may be hoped, insuperable. The political regeneration of Austria is but of yesterday; her material regeneration has yet to be begun. The causes of political discontent are almost always amenable to one remedy. Good government is usually a panacea for every evil. There are isolated instances indeed in which the medicine cannot be administered, circumstances so peculiar that good government itself is impossible. Austria, for example, had not the power to rule Venetia well. The combined attraction of race, history, language, and neighbourhood drew Venetia towards Italy with a force which only arbitrary government could keep in check. But the disaffected aspirations prevalent in many parts of the Austrian Empire have little or nothing in common with such a case as this. They are too conflicting and purposeless to stand out against the influence of increasing prosperity and administrative conciliation. Now that Pesth has come to terms with Vienna, the Hungarian Diet will have leisure to devise means for attaining these objects. Already, as we learn from the *Times*' Correspondent, a Committee of the Diet has been considering the subject, and a scheme embodying a large development of local self-government will be one of the first measures submitted to the Houses when they reassemble. But no municipal or political concessions will answer the purpose if they are not accompanied by sound economical legislation. Nations are more reasonable than individuals, since they are usually contented when they are rich. The first move in this direction seems to have been achieved by the determination of the proportions in which the Cis-Leithan and Trans-Leithan provinces are to contribute to the common expenditure. But this does nothing to create prosperity; it only gets an impediment to its creation out of the way. When we hear of a monopoly which makes it profitable to smuggle salt into a country where the expense of quarrying it "is so small that Austria might provide half Europe with it cheaper than it can be obtained elsewhere," it is easy to imagine how many petty causes of discontent may help to swell an agitation nominally based upon more romantic grounds. The pressing want of Austria is not military strength nor political liberty. She has obtained the last; she has no immediately urgent occasion for the first. For her the one thing needful is a radical financial reform.

TRADE-UNIONIST MORALITY.

THERE is, and there is not, a use in writing week after week on the same subject, that of Trade Union outrages. Subject and readers are of course exhausted; and to prove that the tides flow on and the sun rises daily may seem a superfluity and an impertinence in every sense of the word. But, on the other hand, there is a danger that the excess of conviction in moral matters may come to the same sort of result that attends superabundance of proof in demonstrations of physical truth. We all know that the earth moves round the sun, and the vicissitudes of day and night are accepted facts; but few of us know why we have subsided into otiose and careless acquiescence in such important conclusions, still less how we could resist an energetic and persistent contradiction of the planetary theory. From time to time, therefore, we must refresh our languid faculties by going over the old proofs of the most familiar things, merely by way of corroborating and strengthening conviction. Now, in the Manchester inquiry, the same sort of thing may happen which bored Athens of old time. The popular mind got

wearied with ARISTIDES, and all his goodness and justice. He was so very admirable that he got to be thought a prig, so they improved his existence from off the face of Athens. It is so with the Trades' Union outrages; they are so very bad, and so very plain, and so very undeniable that we are apt to think we have heard more than enough about them. This was Mr. BEESLY's line of argument, though he used it for another object, and one important to the apologists of Unionism. What we have to guard against is what must have been, and for the matter of that still is, such a weariness of the subject as leads people to acquiesce in the system of Sheffield and Manchester "to some extent." This is the unhappy common ground on which the Unionists and public opinion may, unless the subject is again and again paraded in its full horrors, be tired into something like an agreement. Wounds on the social conscience soon cicatrize, and the case is one in which the patient's recovery depends upon the entire discharge and flow of all purulent matter.

Sheffield and Manchester Saw-grinders and Brickmakers and Builders, we are constantly assured, would not have been, could not have been, what they are, unless there had been faults on both sides. There are two aspects, it is asserted, to all these outrages. This is quite true, but it is true in another sense than that which POTTERS and *Beehives* and Working Men's Unions would have us to accept. Unless Sheffield magistrates and Sheffield employers and Manchester masters had come to acquiesce in something very like the principle of Unionism as a necessary, and "to some extent" justifiable, incident of trade, we should not have heard of the hated names of BROADHEAD and CROOKES. We admit this; nay, we insist upon it. This truth cannot be asseverated too often or too strongly. There are hundreds of Union men who in their heart of hearts detest the system under which they live, look at it as a grievance, see that it is a most iniquitous tax on the labour of the industrious craftsman for the benefit of the idle, the unskilled, and the drunken hangers-on of a trade; in a word, that subscriptions to the Union are, to the extent of fifty per cent. at least, money absolutely wasted, and wasted on the worst of objects—the encouragement of idleness and unthrift. So, too, there are employers who abominate the whole thing, but lack the courage to stand out against the system as a system. They pay blackmail just as the Baron of BRADWARDINE did, and affect to know nothing about it, which they think they may as well do, as they argue that in the long run customers will pay, and in taking a contract or in settling trade prices they take Unionism into their calculations as a legitimate element in manufacture. They do not look, or do not choose to look, at the fact that this is a mere illusion, and that increased cost to the purchaser means, in the longest run, decreased profits, because profits on a decreased trade, to the manufacturer. Anyhow, it has come to pass that on both sides, for the sake of peace and quiet, and to avoid fuss and trouble, Unionism "to some extent" is accepted, and "to some extent" is justified. Of course the members of the Union are not men of blood from their youth; they do not want a LINDLEY to be murdered; but if he had only got winged, why, after all, it was "to some extent" his own fault. So at Manchester a brickmaker or a builder gets absolutely ruined; but then his fellow-manufacturers shrug their shoulders, and hint that he was so very unmanageable and so perverse; had he but yielded a little, he could, like them, have tided through it. On the whole, as one of them said the other day, he thought that, as Unionism is, he had got off pretty well. To be mulcted to the tune of a hundred thousand bricks destroyed, when the outrage might have confiscated a million, is rather a matter of congratulation than otherwise. To be rattened is an escape for a knobstick when he might have been bludgeoned, and to be left half-dead by the assassins is a happy lot when you might have been even as LINDLEY. This is Mr. BROADHEAD's defence. Murder, or the suborning of murder, was not at all to his taste; but an unhappy necessity was laid upon him for proceeding to extremities. It was with a tender and melancholy reluctance that he signed the death-warrant, and not without tears; and all along it was the obstinacy and perversity of the fools about him that compelled him to resort to the last argument of offended justice. "Donner und 'blitzen,' said DIRK HATTERAICK, 'you will have it then?' and he broke Mr. GLOSSIN's neck incontinently. And so Mr. BROADHEAD murdered his victim in self-defence, and blew up FEARNEOUGH because this was the only sort of instruction and education which such a coarse and irrational temper as FEARNEOUGH's was capable of appreciating. Nobody will defend downright murder, but then it was not meant to murder LINDLEY; if he had but been hit in the right place,

just an inch or two lower, why then, you see, &c. &c. In short, it was a mistake that LINDLEY got killed. BROADHEAD did not mean that he should be killed; and the Society did not mean that he should be killed, nor were they even fully aware that he was to be winged. Only something had to be done; trade rules must be upheld. Sheffield could not go on if a LINDLEY was to fly into the face of the trade, and do what he liked about apprentices. And as to a single obstinate, pig-headed Manchester man having his views, and attempting to carry them out by quarrying here and setting up his machines there, why, somehow or other, the thing must be stopped. And Sheffield cutlers and Manchester builders see the force of this, and so far they are accomplices in the outrages. Sheffield magistrates see it too. Justice sits paralysed on her throne, and, in more senses than one, is blind to what it is inconvenient to see.

Another matter must be adverted to in especial connexion with the Manchester inquiry. Not only does the whole thing seem to be a tedious repetition of what came out at Sheffield, but it appears to be only a pale and colourless picture after all. We hear of property destroyed, of watchmen being shot, of horses being maimed, and just one little accidental murder of a policeman; but, on the whole, there is nothing so very terrible and outrageous, at least after Hallamshire. But, unless some local authorities are to be disbelieved, we do not know, and perhaps never shall know, all that ought to be known about Manchester. The Manchester Unionists had full time to prepare for the squall and make all snug. The storm-signals at Sheffield were not thrown away. The BROADHEADS of Manchester have been made safe. It is a matter of life and death in the fullest sense, and they recognise the emergency. It is confidently asserted that WARD, who was hanged for the murder of JUMP the policeman, was not the actual murderer. Dead men tell no tales, and it is found convenient to lay all the detected and acknowledged outrages on WARD's shoulders. To this WARD, and to a transported felon, BURKE, the candid gentlemen who have appeared before the Commissioners attribute all the crimes which it is found impossible to deny, and inconvenient to conceal. Whether it be or be not the case that Mr. OVEREND and his colleagues were more active than the Manchester Commissioners, or that the Manchester Unionists are more astute than their Sheffield brethren—or, which is more likely, that they have the command of larger funds, and are less scrupulous about expenditure—we are confidently told by a local journal that the whole story has not come out, and will not come out. There was ample time, which has not been wasted, to destroy all written evidence, and to post and practise witnesses both as to what they are to know and what they are not to know. At any cost, the most inconvenient testimony will be kept back, and as little as possible will be told. It may be that there is something in the air of the place, but the fact seems to be that trade secrets are better kept at Manchester than at Sheffield; and, paradoxical as it may appear, because more are involved in crime. BROADHEAD towered above his fellows; and, as in other cases, envy and detraction followed his supremacy, and he was detested because he was imperious and autocratic. At Manchester the complicity with trade outrages is spread over a larger surface. The bulk of crime is the same, but the partners are more numerous. Except for some fortunate accident the true story will be left at least half untold. Meanwhile, let us not subside into the comfortable and idle conclusion that we know all that we can know, and that the least said is the soonest mended. And, above all, let it not be endured that these Commissions and Inquiries shall be the beginning and end of the matter.

AUTHORITY AND TRUTH.

A RECENT essayist has observed, in reference to the case of Newman *versus* Achilli which came some years ago before the Law Courts, that he could not on such an occasion attach any implicit reliance to the statements of Roman Catholic witnesses. The temptation to strain a point to the discredit of the "renegade priest" would be too strong. And he defends this view of the matter, not by reference to the habitual mendacity and superstitious temperament of the lower class of Italians, but by asserting broadly that "in the moral scheme of a religion which bases itself upon authority, it is *totally impossible* that truth should be a virtue of unvarying obligation." Clearly this is to lay down a very momentous principle, and one of far wider application than merely to the Church of Rome. Indeed it is difficult to say what religion, beyond the religion of nature, does not profess to "base itself upon authority." Whether the alleged authority be that of a book like the Bible, or of oral tradition, or

of a hierarchy, or a combination of all three, does not affect the principle, though it may materially affect or limit the cases to which it can be applied. That there is supposed to be some connexion, whether necessary or accidental, between piety and untruthfulness, is indicated by the popular language about "pious frauds." Mr. Ward insisted with startling emphasis, in his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, that candour was neither a distinctive nor a universal characteristic of saintly minds. Much the same thing is implied, though from a very different point of view, in the closing words of Professor Jowett's contributions to *Essays and Reviews*. And it has become almost a commonplace of modern scholars to say that the most accurate estimate of mediæval history may be gained from the works of German critics who occupy a position external to all forms of Christianity. Nor indeed is the problem, strictly speaking, peculiar to Christian ethics. It is difficult to define the particular creed professed by the friends of Job, and the date of the book is involved in some obscurity; but the patriarch distinctly charges them with that very disposition to twist facts into harmony with their theological prepossessions which the writer we have quoted attributes to the Roman Catholic witnesses in the Achilli trial. There is indeed no trace of such a temper in classical antiquity, but that may readily be explained by the same fact which accounts for the general absence of religious persecution among the ancients. There was no such theological belief as men cared either to dispute or to persecute for. The exception of Socrates is of a kind to prove the rule. And when the suppression of Christianity became a question of State necessity or State policy, the persecutor had as little belief in the popular mythology as his victims. The Jews no doubt had a very definite creed, and a creed based on authority; but the stern exclusiveness of their nationality, while it served during the greater part of their history to limit their intercourse with unbelievers, acted also as a check on any proselytizing zeal. If in later times they compassed sea and land to make converts, we have little means of knowing what kind of arguments were employed for the purpose.

We may be content, therefore, to deal with the question before us in its relation to modern society, though there is no reason in the nature of things why it should be confined to any particular period or form of religious belief. But the inquiry suggests at once an important distinction which the essayist we have quoted does not seem to have borne in mind as carefully as he might have done. It is one thing to say that the zealous upholders of a religion based on authority—or, in other words, of a religion which is committed to certain doctrines supposed to be divinely revealed—will be tempted on occasion to maintain its credit by a little judicious paltering with truth. It is quite another thing to say, with our essayist, that, if they are loyal to their convictions, they will be bound to do so. Let us take the illustration he has himself selected, of the witnesses summoned to give evidence against Dr. Achilli, though it is not perhaps the most felicitous that could be chosen. For, in the first place, there is little reason to doubt that their evidence was true; and moreover, if it was expedient from one point of view to blacken to the utmost the character of an "apostate priest," still it was not to the credit of his Church that he should have been suffered for years to go on acting as her minister if he was notoriously and habitually guilty of the immoralities charged against him. If his previous conduct discredited his conversion to Protestantism, it might also have supplied a plausible argument against the law of celibacy or the method of its observance. Waiving, however, this aspect of the matter, with which we are not at present concerned, the way in which the inducement to lie would present itself to the Roman Catholic witnesses would, we presume, be something of the following kind. Dr. Achilli was an apostate from the true Church, and was doing his best to damage the influence both of her hierarchy and her creed by delivering inflammatory lectures against Popery throughout the length and breadth of the land. He had enjoyed the reputation of a distinguished theologian and a popular preacher and confessor in Italy, and professed therefore to speak from the platform of an intimate acquaintance with the system he denounced. There was only one way of discrediting his testimony, and that was to discredit his character; nor was it necessary to be very scrupulous about the means employed for the purpose where such high and sacred interests were at stake. At worst, it would only be sacrificing an obnoxious individual to a great cause. Now there is obviously a large class of minds to which this line of argument would present itself as at least plausible. *Salus animarum suprema lex* sounds a not unnatural adaptation of the old Roman maxim of statecraft. And if the safety of souls is being endangered by the wholesale denunciation of the only system which can secure it, a little ingenious cooking of evidence may be thought a cheap price to pay for the abatement of so gigantic an evil. But the question is whether such a method of reasoning necessarily forms part of "the moral scheme of a religion based upon authority," or, to translate the same idea into plainer language, of a dogmatic creed which professes to be based on divine revelation. It may of course be admitted at once that those who have definite beliefs are more open to such a suggestion than those who have none, and that in proportion to the intensity of their convictions they are likely to recognise its force. But this is only saying that it is more difficult to be strictly impartial when your feelings or your interests are involved than when you are an indifferent looker-on. A personal friend of Dr. Newman's, for instance, or a personal enemy of Dr. Achilli's, would have been quite as strongly tempted as an ardent Romanist to strain

a point in giving evidence against the latter. But we should not be justified in inferring from this that, in a scheme of morality which recognises the claims of friendship, truth cannot be a virtue of unvarying obligation. A man with no enthusiasm and no affections would be saved from many temptations to be one-sided which beset those of an opposite disposition. But the common feeling of mankind turns with something like aversion from the *nil admirari* of Stoicism, though it invariably recognises, if it is not always able to enforce, the supreme obligation of telling the truth. The analogy we have indicated is indeed closer than may at first sight appear. For the same habit of mind which in the private relations of life expresses itself in warm and chivalrous attachment is the natural soil for religious earnestness to take root in. And what mere fondness or favouritism is to genuine affection, fanaticism is to healthy earnestness of belief. Both tempers are a corruption of what in itself is excellent; and here lies the true explanation of the fault which our essayist charges on dogmatic belief, but which is really the fault of its professors. "All fanatics," it has been truly said, "are morally the worse for their fanaticism; they set dogma above virtue, they take their own ends for God's ends, and their own enemies for His." The writer is speaking of Cromwell, who was a fanatic, though of a very high order, but his words are equally applicable to the devotees of whatever religious creed. The stern Puritanism of Cromwell based itself on the assumed authority of the written word; the fervent Catholicism ascribed to the Achilli witnesses was based on the authority of the Church. In either case there was a system, passionately believed to be divine, whose immediate interests its advocates might sometimes be sorely tempted to prefer to the immutable principles of morality and justice. But in neither case would the moral scheme of their own religion sanction them in doing so. They would be untrue to its higher teaching in proportion as they sacrificed to interests, however sacred, what they knew in their better moments to be the laws of right and wrong. And it is the baser, not the nobler, natures that most readily yield to the temptation. St. Louis is, by common consent, the model of mediæval piety; yet he earned in his own age, alike from Turk and Christian, the reputation still associated with his memory of perfect justice in dealing between man and man. No believer was ever more devoted to the faith in whose service, as he understood it, he laid down his life; while his characteristic praise in history is to have unflinchingly recognised and enforced, without fear or favour, the paramount obligations of the moral law.

It appears, then, that the thesis we quoted at starting needs some modification. It contains a truth, but it does not state it accurately. Were it otherwise, the religious prospects of the future would be dark enough. Either religion would have to be maintained at the expense of morality, or morality at the expense of religious belief. And whatever may be thought of the principle involved in Pope's famous couplet, there is not only no present appearance of "graceless zealots" ceasing to fight for their respective "forms of faith," but the great majority of mankind, wisely or foolishly, find it quite impossible to keep their "life in the right" without the aid of such forms, however ill they may often succeed even with it. Clearly, therefore, it is of some consequence to know whether the acceptance of a definite creed implies a tacit rejection of the unvarying obligations of truthfulness. So says the essayist whose words we have quoted, but the more correct way of stating the fact he had in his mind we conceive to be this—that in the system of a religion which places religious interests (assumed or real) above moral principle, truth (that is, truthfulness) cannot be a virtue of unvarying obligation. But no religion we ever heard of goes this length in theory, whatever its followers may be inclined to do in practice. Casuists have excoagulated many particular instances of apparently conflicting duties, as when life is endangered, where they consider it lawful to lie or to equivocate. But no casuist, we suppose, would venture to lay down the rule that, where the interests of religion or of the Church are at stake, we are absolved from the obligation of veracity; and if he did, the common sense of men of every creed would condemn him. In fact, it does not require any very profound acquaintance with history or with human nature to be aware that such a method of serving any cause is fatal to its ultimate success. There was a time when our fathers thought it a duty to put down heresy with the sword, and the English Liturgy still bears witness to the belief of a former age in the prayer that magistrates may "maintain truth," which is repeated by thousands in happy unconsciousness of its original meaning. And we are learning at last, though the lesson was learnt very slowly, that persecution is no less inexpedient than immoral. There are quarters, however, where the old idea still lingers on; and it would be easy to point to parties, both among Roman Catholics and Protestants, which would persecute heartily if their power were equal to their will. There was a corner found to ensure the good old doctrine in the Papal Encyclical of 1864. And the class of religionists who would like to persecute if they could will naturally fall back on chicanery, as the next best substitute for burning. There is in either policy the same impatience of moral influences, and the same profound distrust, disguised under an angry zeal, of the inherent power of truth. If Galileo can no longer be imprisoned, science may still be denounced as "dangerous," or adapted to a foregone conclusion. If history cannot remain a sealed book, it may at least be cooked for educational purposes, to prevent its telling awkward tales. It is still possible to hush up scandals, to play fast and loose with inconvenient facts, to smooth over fundamental differences with a

veneer of external uniformity. It is possible, but hardly prudent; for truth, like murder, will out at last. The unwisdom of persecutors is the heirloom of their modern admirers. Rohrbacher and Veuillot are the successors of Alva and Torquemada. The fierceness and the failures of master and disciple teach us the same lesson. To expect men to cultivate a religion which claims no authoritative basis is to look for a time when they will have a faith without a creed. If such a consummation is thought to be desirable, there is certainly nothing to show that it is more than a Utopian dream. To labour for its accomplishment is to twist ropes of sand. But we may reasonably hope that, as time goes on, the conviction will strengthen in all religious minds that the homage of falsehood profanes the holiest cause. There can be no deeper disloyalty to an authority held to be divine than to enthroned it in fictitious supremacy over the violated precepts of that law of natural conscience which is regarded by every intelligent theist as the voice of God.

▲ FRENCH DISCOURSE ON MARRIAGE.

A French barrister has recently been lecturing some French convalescent artisans in a hospital upon marriage, in a style which may fascinate many of the kindest and worthiest souls in England. When a barrister is sentimental, his sentimentality is something wonderful. The rarity of the mood in the legal profession is so remarkable that we ought not to be amazed at its profundity in the few cases where it is to be found. The lecturer, though addressing workmen, of course felt bound to begin with first principles. The end of marriage is to realize the will of the Creator, "which must be to give to the eternal masterpiece of the creation eternal beholders and adorers." This high ground, however, our instructor does not care much to dwell upon. He probably does not forget that, as has been said, if France was once the eldest daughter of the Church she is now the eldest daughter of Voltaire. A Voltairean Frenchman would instantly suggest that the supply of "contemplateurs et adorateurs éternels" might be kept up even without marriage. The barrister was alive to this sort of objection, and very sensibly came from the lofty heights at which he had started down to the defence of marriage on its true grounds, as an institution of human establishment, and measurable by considerations of human expediency. After a short and not very satisfactory sojourn on the plain, he soon starts off again, but this time along the metaphysical road, in a manner eminently characteristic of his countrymen. "I have tried," he says, "in my humble meditations to discover the ultimate, the profound, dominant reason for the invincible charm felt by beings united in legitimate marriage to give themselves descendants, and I have been convinced at length that this charm is that of property." Just as a poet recites his verses with extasy, and as an inventor shuts himself up with his invention, so a young bride talks with an indefinable accent of "Mon mari." This sentiment is found with supreme intensity in paternity and maternity, *provided* the child be the issue of a legal marriage. Nature, it will be observed, is much too well-behaved a dame not to respect the civil laws. Mothers of children born out of wedlock do not care for them. The common notion of maternal instinct must be a mistake. It is only a branch of a woman's respect for the law of the land, grafted on the sentiment of ownership and property. Some of the listeners to this ingenious speculation upon the origin of the affection of mothers for their babes must have wondered how their philosopher would explain the identical affection of the brutes for their young. A cat is as fond of her kittens as her mistress is of her babies, yet one does not see how the sentiment of property, *plus* the sentiment of respect for the law of the land, could have united to form the sentiment of maternity in the bosom of the cat. If the gentleman had conducted his humble meditations on some plainer method than that which he seems to have followed, he might have explained his facts more satisfactorily, as well as more simply, by reference to an animal instinct which, in the case of a woman lawfully married, is not interfered with by any intruding sentiment of shame for the past or apprehension for the future. In the case of many women who have had what they rather euphemistically call misfortunes or accidents, this shame and apprehension are enough to counter-balance the strength of the animal instinct, itself a quality varying infinitely with temperament. But in numbers of other cases the animal instinct has not only not been outweighed by the sense of shame, but has actually been deepened and intensified by remorse and pity for the child's untoward destiny. However, there is no end to the fancies which are engendered in men's heads when they know that they are going to give a lecture to workmen. Any sort of stuff is thought good enough for these too zealously patronized beings. The more metaphysical, unreal, and fantastic it is, the better is it thought likely to pass muster with artisans.

On the same principles the lecturer explained the joys of a bride by the delights of ownership. "La voilà devenue propriétaire pour la première fois de sa vie; propriétaire d'un foyer, propriétaire d'un mari, propriétaire enfin de tous les chérubins qui vont lui advenir." That a woman is glad to become a proprietor of a hearth and husband may be very true, but to allege this as the central and primary element in marriage is a funny illustration of the lengths to which a man will go when, after meditations humble or otherwise, he has got hold of an idea by which he means to explain all things under the sun, whether they will be so explained or not. However, our teacher knew what was expected of him too well not to polish over his

rather professional ideas about marriage and maternity with tall phrases after the stereotyped fashion. So he proceeded to quote from another lecturer:—"C'est dans l'union de l'amour et du devoir qu'est la dignité et tout l'avenir du mariage. Le mariage d'intérêt, le mariage d'ambition et de vanité, ne sont pas dans la nature. Le seul mariage naturel, j'allais dire le seul légitime, est celui qui s'appuie sur ces deux bases inébranlables, l'amour et le devoir; qui a commencé avec ces deux nobles sentiments et qui doit finir avec eux." When men talk about affection and duty one may know, partially at least, what it is that they mean. At all events it is a kind of talk with which we are more or less familiar. And it will not breed controversy. Everybody agrees that all righteous marriage rests on love, duty—and an adequate income. The last point, although not the least important of the three, the French barrister barely touched, at least not in sufficient detail to be of much practical value. "If the needs of the heart, love and sympathy, impel you to this," he says, "you will be a good husband, and the companion that you choose will be happy—a *une condition cependant*." This condition is that you possess sufficient "forces" to entitle you to aspire to the dignity of head of a family. And by these forces he means "not only those qualities which make the discharge of the moral duties flowing from marriage easy to us, but still more those resources or that industry which assure to the family, present or to come, their daily bread." The gradual way in which the lecturer thus lets himself down from the "contempteurs et adorateurs éternels" to the low level of vulgar bread and butter is very amusing, and ought not to be uninteresting to those kindly folk who insist on dwelling on the high transcendental significance of marriage, and so hurrying all the young men and young women of their acquaintance into improvident matches. Besides being a contemplator and a worshipper, man eats. That part of the barrister's audience which had been filled with fire and enthusiasm at his admirable exordium must have been sensibly chilled at his peroration. "Yes, without doubt," he wound up, "nature does seem to have destined us all for marriage, *mais avec la perspective que nous pourrions en supporter les charges*." Precisely; this is always the worst of Nature. There is no end to the delicious things to which she destines us, but then she clogs our destinies with a thousand conditions, mainly connected with the prime function of eating. There is glorious scenery for us to look upon, abundant fruit of the earth for us to enjoy, plentifulness of maidens whom we should be glad to espouse, and so forth; only all the good things are given to us contingently. It is satisfactory to think that, though late, yet at length the eloquent barrister looked this full in the face, and after all the fine and beautiful things which he had said about marriage, he frankly confessed that "à tout prendre, il est plus digne encore d'un honnête homme de décliner des obligations que de les accepter avec la crainte de ne pas pouvoir les remplir." This is what talk about marriage must invariably come to in the long run. But as it is that side of the subject about which it is most difficult to say magnificent and sounding things, it is for obvious reasons also that side which our various instructors are most apt to neglect. After all, it is the same with other matters besides marriage. It is always very much pleasanter to dwell on prospective delights and advantages than upon the attendant obligations. If man were only not an eating animal with an earth to subdue, in what an atmosphere of glorious and inspiring sayings might we not pass our transcendental days! The atmosphere might become slightly oppressive, but then possibly our capacities might be modified in conformity with so extraordinary a change of conditions, and we might come gradually to like a pink-tinted moonshine of this description.

At the present moment, among some sets of people in this country, there accidentally happens to be an excessive stress laid upon the obligations of marriage. But it is in an artificial and insincere sense. Men have reasons of their own for not wanting to marry, and they cloak these reasons with the veil of Providence, sense of responsibility, and the other serious phrases which the light-minded sometimes find it useful or amusing to assume. If a person has surrendered himself to luxurious and expensive habits in clothes, wines, horses, diversions, in all of which he would have to retrench if he should marry a wife who did not bring as much money as she was likely to spend, then it is convenient for him to put on the air of Poor Richard or the French barrister in his peroration. A genuine sense of obligation has nothing to do with it, except of obligation to himself. To these men a marriage which would compel them to work, to drop some folds of the luxurious garment in which they complacently enwrap themselves, would be a most sound and wholesome discipline. It must, on the whole, be pronounced a higher life for a social and reasonable being to be very solicitous and painstaking for a couple of babies than about the fit of his boots or the cut of his clothes. "Contempteurs et adorateurs éternels" are more worthy objects of his care than niceties of food or raiment. *Amour and devoir* are more exalted sentiments than those which mark dandyism and a voluptuous kind of cynicism. But still, *à tout prendre*, there are charges connected with love and duty. The mind of the conscientious celibate is thus left, argue and balance as we will, with the paralysing conviction that there is much to be said on both sides, much for *amour* and *devoir*, and much for *obligations* and *charges*—especially for the latter. For women the French barrister supplies a more conclusive kind of argumentation. "In their state of reciprocal liberty"—we don't quite know why it is called reciprocal—"rien n'est pervers comme leurs sentiments, rien n'est

funeste comme leur action." Marriage changes all this. "C'est dans cette collaboration de tous les jours, que sous le triple aiguillon de l'amour conjugal, de l'amour maternel, de l'amour du foyer domestique, elle développe ces qualités inestimables de l'esprit et du cœur." The barrister, we should add, confessed that he himself was not married.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

THE Peace Congress came to an end admirably suited to its short but lively existence. Summed up in one phrase, it was an incarnate bull; its very essence consisted in a systematic self-contradiction; it proposed to attain peace by means of universal internecine war, to quiet Europe by stirring up every existing quarrel, and precipitating every social dispute into instantaneous decision by force of numbers. In perfect harmony—if the word is not rather misplaced—with this charming programme, its conclusion was no conclusion at all, and its final sitting was as though a meeting of Quakers should resolve itself into a Donnybrook Fair. It stopped short of the amusement known to our American cousins as a free fight, in so far as there was no resort to physical force; but everybody spoke at once in denunciation of everybody else, and the result was that no conclusion was reached by legitimate means. However, the Peace Congress was above any such trifling consideration. To ordinary eyes the Congress ended in a confused hubbub; however, its leaders, to avoid such a self-stultification, declared that a resolution had been carried in accordance with which a Central Committee of the Cosmopolitan Confederation is to sit permanently at Geneva, and publish a newspaper. The city of Geneva is not unaccustomed to trifling disturbances on its own account, but these proceedings of the lovers of peace were rather too much for its nerves. The Genevese not unnaturally objected to have domiciliated amongst them a Central Committee of the United States of Europe, whose avowed object would be to upset every existing Government. A congress of lovers of peace may be tolerated for a week or so, even when they propose a war or a revolution in almost every European country. The *naïveté* of their proposals makes the exhibition worth endurance for the sake of the amusement to be derived from them, and certainly their opponents ought to be the last persons to grudge them full opportunity for a display of their interesting peculiarities; but a joke persisted in with too much obstinacy becomes a bore, and may turn out to have its serious aspects. The denunciation of the Pope and of the "most pernicious of sects" seems to have been felt as a grievance in a city which makes a special boast of religious toleration; but such ebullitions are a natural result of exhibiting a Garibaldi at a Peace Congress. One must of course take one's choice. A meeting of genuine humdrum peace-worshippers after the fashion of British platform philanthropy would be dull, but legitimate; but if it is desired to introduce new and startling effects, to bring a great soldier on the stage in the character of chief peacemaker, the brilliance of the result must be purchased at the risk of unexpected explosions. It is like introducing a discharge of fire-works at a flower-show; one must be prepared for some unpremeditated and erratic combinations. The authors of the invitation should not have been too much scandalized at little eccentricities in their very mixed party of guests; but we admit that the guests were going rather too far when they proposed to make their sittings permanent. For once and away it may be amusing to listen to the Babel of peace-preservers screaming themselves hoarse at each other's absurdities; but the company certainly ought to take themselves off and not leave any permanent marks of their presence. The confession of faith of the Central Committee was anything but reassuring for the people amongst whom they proposed to reside. You invite a noisy party, and thank Heaven when they take themselves off without having done too much damage to the furniture. It is annoying that they propose to take lodgings permanently in your house, with the express intention of insulting all your most powerful neighbours. The principles which the Congress intend to propagate are expressed in the usual terms of modern revolutionary cant, but may be very easily translated into plain English. First we are to have "internal liberty in full." This is apparently meant to apply equally against the great centralized monarchies of the Continent and the remnants of the aristocratic order in England. Then we are to have sympathy for oppressed nationalities; that is, the Pope is to be turned out of Rome, and the Russians out of Poland, and the English out of Ireland. In the next place, there is to be an organization of national militias; and certainly nothing would make wars more bitter and more extensive in their effects than a substitution, if it were at all practicable, of "national militias" for standing armies. And finally, we are to have "the suppression of all the hindrances opposed by despotism to the complete development of political, philosophical, and economical liberties"; which would justify almost any revolution whatever, including certainly the reorganization of Germany on an entirely new scheme equally opposed to Austria and to Prussia, a new revolution in France, and a few more civil wars in Spain. In short, however desirable the ends of the Peace Congress may be in themselves, the attempt to hasten their attainment would provide Europe with new materials for war for some generations after the immediately pressing questions of the day have been settled. The Genevese have a pleasant prospect if the propaganda of the new creed is to fix itself permanently within their walls and denounce the existing arrangements of Europe, internal and

external, until their programme has been accepted. Of course it is very desirable that these questions should be fully discussed; and if the new journal, the *United States of Europe*, really inherits the mantle of the Peace Congress, it may possibly bring to notice many social problems of vital importance to mankind. Whether it will solve them satisfactorily is another question, but meanwhile the French frontier is rather too near to allow this practical experiment on unlimited liberty of discussion to be carried on without a certain anxiety as to disturbing influences from without. The Peace Congress having quarrelled with each other, and suggested grounds of quarrel of every one with everybody else, have probably succeeded in making their place of meeting too hot to hold them; and it might be an unintentional service to the cause of peace if they made the holding of future Peace Congresses all but impracticable.

In truth, however, too much has been made of the profession of peace which the Congress pretended to be its ultimate object. It was evidently nothing more than a convenient cloak; and the invention of the name deserves the credit which we attribute to pieces of successful but rather questionable diplomacy. A parallel case would be that of a burglar who should assume the disguise of a detective officer. There is a certain happy impertinence about the device which deserved and obtained a measure of success. Some people seem to have been fairly taken in. One learned Professor prepared an elaborate speech, descending with unimpeachable morality upon the blessings of peace and the means by which it might be obtained. He appears to have said—or rather to have intended to say, for his speech was not delivered—that a community of interests, and not a similarity of governmental forms, led to peace between nations, and that Free Trade and Mr. Cobden had done more for the preservation of peace than the efforts of a hundred thousand Congresses could do. No doubt his sentiments were admirable, and the Congress would have done well to listen to them, if only to give a better colour to its avowed intentions. But they were totally beside the mark when delivered to an assembly of red-hot revolutionists, whose talk about peace was merely a convenient disguise to enable them to obtain a hearing. And we may admit further that, admirable as Mr. Cobden's Free Trade principles undoubtedly are, they are not a sufficient substitute for the doctrines put forth by the Peace Congress, and don't quite meet the difficulties which it raises. However violent and outrageous the views put forward at Geneva, they bear upon questions which will have to be settled somehow or other, and by means different from improved tariffs or enlightened economical views. It was a solecism on the part of the serious advocates of peace, if such there were, to propose the attainment of their professed end by upsetting the political system of Europe, and beginning a new series of wars "positively for the last time"; but it was not a much more hopeful plan to propose to settle the same questions by proving that war is very expensive, and involves a great waste of men and gunpowder. We all know that very well, and should be the better for realizing it more effectually; but men have passions as well as commercial interests, and the existence of the party of fanatical philosophers who met at Geneva is a pretty good proof of the fact. There are some very unpleasant difficulties impending over Europe; there is a question or two to be settled between France and Germany, and a few internal arrangements to be overhauled in one or two other countries, before we can look forwards to a reign of peace. When a number of revolutionists meet with plans of invasion and revolution in their pockets, and professions of peace on their lips, to talk about all these matters, they doubtless have a very grotesque appearance; but they are a phenomenon which cannot be put down simply by laughing at them, or even by preaching to them political economy. We can only look upon the Congress as a superficial symptom of an uncertain amount of discontent, more or less ominous of future troubles, which is seething below the surface of society. They talk intolerable nonsense; so did the authors of the French Revolution; but it is not the less a serious fact that such nonsense should be talked, and meet with a certain degree of popularity.

Meanwhile, persons who dislike revolutions and wars may congratulate themselves safely on the proceedings of the Congress. It is just as well that the advocates of wild schemes should meet openly and say what they think. They may relieve nervous persons of the impression that there is a vast amount of diabolical foresight and ingenious invention amongst the conspirators who lurk about the dark places of European capitals. It is a blessing of the British Constitution that gentlemen like Mr. Beales and Mr. Odgers have not the prestige with which imagination invests the midnight plotter, but are able to show off their paces for public admiration in the full light of day; and it is a consolation when the foreign counterparts of these gentlemen are able to show themselves in their full proportions. In fact, the function of these meetings of amateur legislators without the power of legislation is only beginning to be understood. We are gradually becoming accustomed to the meetings of different sets of people to talk about social science or teetotalism or female emancipation, or any other favourite topic for eloquence. We don't see at first what possible service they can render to themselves or their pet crotchets; they have no sort of authority; the wirepullers have settled beforehand upon the "platform" that is to be nominally the result of their labour; and the apparent inducement to every one who attends is the opportunity of mounting his hobby, and talking indefinitely without much fear of contradiction. Incidentally, however, they do for different sections

of men what the Great Exhibitions do for different branches of industry; this Congress, for example, shows the progress which we have made of late years in the manufacture of revolutionists. On the whole, they are not wholly uninteresting; they certainly do not fail on the side of being pompous, respectable, and totally futile; their resolutions go to something very definite, and indicate some of the confused tides of feeling which are current amongst the masses, and therefore worth noting by the higher classes. The English contribution of Messrs. Odgers and Cramer is not calculated to shine very brilliantly by the side of a genuine hero, after his own fashion, like Garibaldi; but they are perhaps on a level with the foreign members in the substance of their doctrines, though they cannot give elegant dress to their remarks, for which the language of the birthplace of the principles of 1789 seems to be necessary. It is hard to think very highly of a Congress composed of gentlemen of this calibre, and from which men of real ability seem to have pretty generally shrunk; and it is not very probable that they will be allowed to become our masters and carry out their principle, for they have some strong forces to encounter before they can go far in the path they have marked out. Still the affair is worth noticing as a symptom of the opinions entertained by a class which daily becomes of more importance with the spread of democratic tendencies.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

IT was said some years back that the building of a new cathedral was impossible. However the case may stand in England, it is certain that Irish experience has since in some sort belied the truth of the saying. The saying, however, may perhaps have meant, not that it was impossible to build a new church of formal cathedral rank, but that there was no chance of the erection of any modern church which could really take its place alongside of minsters like Canterbury and Ely. And this is no doubt true, if for no other reason than that churches of such vast size and complicated arrangement are not needed for the modern English ritual. Nave, choir, and transepts still have their use, but that multiplicity of chapels which forms so large a part of the ground-plan of a mediæval church of the first rank would naturally have no place in the design of a modern English minster. But whether we are ever likely to be again called upon to rear from the ground a church of the first or even the second class, it is certain that there are many opportunities open in England for works of a kind only second in importance—namely, the reconstruction of those essential parts of many of our cathedral and other great churches which have been destroyed or left unfinished. One work of this kind, there seems every reason to believe, is really likely to be set about before long in one of the greatest of our ancient cities. The cathedral church of Bristol, a church of comparatively small size, but one worthy of attention on many grounds, has been left for three hundred years without a nave. To supply this great lack, in short to make the church a whole church instead of a mere fragment, is, we need not say, a noble and worthy design. And it is one which is just now not only occupying the minds of the immediate guardians of the cathedral, but also awakening great interest throughout the city at large. We wish the Chapter and the citizens of Bristol every good luck in the great work which they have undertaken, even though we think that, on one or two points, they stand in need of a word of warning.

It seems singular at first sight that the cathedral churches of our greatest episcopal cities should be among the smallest of their class. We set aside London, with its cathedral wholly of modern date and exotic style; for new St. Paul's holds a high position among buildings of its own class, and old St. Paul's was among the first, in some points the very first, of English churches. But the cities next in size, Manchester and Bristol, have cathedrals of the smallest dimensions. In the case of Manchester we all know the reason. Manchester became a Bishop's see in our own time, and an existing church, hardly of the honour, became the cathedral. What happened to Manchester in the reign of Victoria happened to Bristol in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Henry assigned as the cathedral church of the new diocese of Bristol the Abbey church of St. Augustine. As compared with Manchester, Bristol would have infinitely the advantage, if it were only perfect; but Manchester is at least a whole church, while Bristol is merely a fragment. The history of the destruction of the nave is not very clear; but it seems most probable that, at the time of the dissolution of the Abbey and foundation of the Bishopric, the original Norman nave was out of repair, that a later nave had been begun and not finished, and that, with the comparative lack of zeal under the new state of things, the whole fell into ruin and was gradually swept away. At all events, Bristol Cathedral now consists of the choir, transepts, central tower, and attached chapels of a church which barely reaches the second rank. But the extent of the nave is clearly marked, and some small fragments of the building begun in the fourteenth century to match the choir are still there. The nave may therefore be rebuilt with the greatest ease from the original design.

It is a pity that this noble work was not thought of before the choir was disfigured by the most grotesque arrangements and the most paltry fittings of any cathedral in England. We had our laugh at them once before; but it is impossible to look at or think of the building without a passing smile at the ludicrous self-importance which has reared for the Dean an opposition throne to

the Bishop, at the acquiescence in abuses which sets apart one stall for the Canon in residence, as if a day could never come when any Canon would keep more than the wretched conventional three months, or would look on Chapter patronage as designed for any other purpose than the enrichment of those who are already provided for. But the fact that the rebuilding of the nave is now thought of at all may be taken to show that a better day is coming, and we will assume that, when Bristol Cathedral is completed, its internal arrangements will follow the happy precedents of Lichfield and Hereford.

What we now wish to speak of is the design for the rebuilding of the nave, a work which has been entrusted to Mr. Street. We will not enter into a sort of professional quarrel which has arisen in the columns of the *Building News*, where Mr. Street has been attacked with merciless bitterness by Mr. E. W. Godwin, a local architect. We deeply regret this, as much for Mr. Godwin's sake as for Mr. Street's. Of Mr. Godwin's capacities as an architect we can say nothing; but he is well known as a careful and well-informed local antiquary, who has thoroughly mastered the architecture and history of the Cathedral and other buildings of Bristol. Mr. Godwin is really an authority on the subject; and we are therefore sorry to see him indulge in an amount of violence against a brother architect which will be sure to make his opinion valued less highly than it deserves. But we fully agree with Mr. Godwin in some of his fears. There are passages in Mr. Street's Report which make us tremble as we read. Mr. Street intends to follow the general design of the nave begun in the fourteenth century, but he adds these ominous words:—

Only I should wish to mark, by a few minor alterations, such e.g. as the sections of mouldings, the design of window traceries, and the character of the sculpture, the fact that this new nave is really a work of the nineteenth century, not of the fourteenth.

We are surprised to hear Mr. Street, or any architect of Mr. Street's reputation, speaking of such important matters as "the sections of mouldings, the design of window traceries, and the character of the sculpture," as merely "a few minor alterations." The sections of mouldings, the design of window traceries, and the character of the sculpture, are precisely the points by which the style of one age and country is distinguished from that of another. What is wanted is the carrying out of a design made in the English style of the fourteenth century; Mr. Street's words seem to threaten us with something else—the French style of the thirteenth century, or anything else which Mr. Street may fancy. If the nineteenth century had a style of its own, as the fourteenth had, there might be some force in Mr. Street's words. But in the nineteenth century every man builds in the style which is right in his own eyes; one style does not bear the impress of the nineteenth century more than another. English Gothic of the fourteenth century, the style which in this particular case is wanted, was very fashionable some years ago; it is now somewhat less so; but there is still no special nineteenth-century style. Mr. Street complains that it would be mere "taskwork" to imitate the details of the choir; it must surely be equally "taskwork" to imitate the details of some French or Venetian building. But in truth this is not a question of style at all. If Mr. Street were called on to design something perfectly new, the question of style might be fairly argued. But at Bristol Mr. Street is called on merely to carry out a design made and actually begun, though never carried out, five hundred years back. He cannot innovate without actually destroying. Even warm advisers of the style which Mr. Street prefers in his original designs may call on him to stay his hand before he departs in any essential feature of mouldings, tracery, or sculpture, from the original design of the fourteenth century.

On another point also we must earnestly pray the Chapter and all concerned to pause before they carry out the proposals contained in Mr. Street's Report. Mr. Street proposes to finish the west front with two towers, though he allows that no such towers were designed by the fourteenth-century architect. We conceive this to be a mistake on many grounds. The reason which Mr. Street gives is that "with western steeples there can be no doubt that the building would have so unmistakably the character of a cathedral church that every one would at once be impressed with it." "Without the western steeples," he goes on to say, "the effect of the exterior would be much more like that of some of our larger English collegiate churches." This we do not understand. There is no universal rule that cathedral churches should have western towers and that collegiate churches should not. If Mr. Street adds western towers, he will not thereby give his front any character which will specially distinguish the church from Southwell and Beverley, or which will make it more like Winchester, Norwich, and Worcester. The fact is that Bristol Cathedral is too small, above all that its nave is too short, to admit of a good grouping of western towers. Western towers, if kept in the usual subordination to the central lantern, would be so small as to be insignificant; predominant western towers—no English tradition by the way—would altogether crush so small a nave. The best answer to Mr. Street's proposal is to be found in his own words in a former part of the Report. Speaking of the fourteenth century he says, "The work is thoroughly successful. It must be judged by itself, not by comparison with other churches such as Wells and Lincoln." It will be true wisdom to have this "thoroughly successful design" completed, to carry out a good and consistent church on a comparatively humble scale, rather than to force it into comparison with buildings of altogether another class.

But there is another serious objection to the design for towers proposed by Mr. Street. At Bristol, as everywhere else, the subordinate buildings of the monastery were made to group and harmonize with the church. The silly modern notions about isolating ministers, walking round them and the like, were then unknown. The church was the predominant building, but still only one of a whole group of buildings. At Bristol the remains of the conventual buildings are rather extensive. One portion in particular, apparently the Abbot's house, and since used as a prebendal house, joins on in the usual ingenious way to the south-west corner, and has a private way into the church. The house contains ancient portions of more than one date, among others a small private chapel, and, if put into proper order, it would form a very pleasing adjunct to the minster. But Mr. Street's towers are intended—contrary to ordinary English custom—to project far beyond the aisles, and if they are ever built, the destruction of at least part of this interesting house must follow. This alone, we think, is reason enough to forbid the innovation.

We wish then to see the nave of Bristol Cathedral rebuilt, strictly from the original plans, with a west front of whatever pattern may best harmonize with the size and character of the building, but without towers, and not projecting beyond the line traced out in the fourteenth century. It is vain for so small a church to attempt to rival buildings of altogether another class, and, as possessing the only central tower in the city, the Cathedral will always have a marked character of its own among neighbouring buildings.

While this great work is contemplated, we are sorry to hear that Colston's House, one of the most precious domestic remains in England, and for whose preservation we have already pleaded, is at last to be sacrificed, seemingly to sheer love of destruction. The church of St. Werburgh is also threatened. But here we must confess that it is one of a class of cases where we wish that we could take a lever and remove an ancient building bodily to some site where it is more needed. But for the destruction of Colston's House there is no excuse whatever. Assize Courts might be built elsewhere, or, if this particular site were preferred, the noble buildings ranging from the twelfth to the seventeenth century might surely have been made available as portions of the general design.

GOSSIPING ARTICLES.

A NOTION seems lately to have gained ground that nothing is so easy to write as that particular species of composition which goes by the name of a "gossiping article"; and now that cheap magazines have become what a Mrs. Malaprop would call as thick as thieves in Vallombrosa, we are completely inundated with wishy-washy *rechauffés* of what was originally only fourth- or fifth-hand information. Passing down a certain street this week (on the Money, not the Sunny, side), we were attracted by a placard headed "Rattening in the Book Trade," and, entering the shop, were fortunate enough to secure some of these periodicals at the reduced prices which have led to the denouncing of the enterprising vendor. Now these "gossiping articles" are of two kinds. The first, which treats of the fashionable life of the present day, invariably dwells on Rotten Row as it used to be, and on the Trafalgar, or Star and Garter, as it appeared to the writer on the last occasion of his dining at either. The second, which deals in times gone by, is for the most part drawn from the extracts from old writers and records which may be found in Leigh Hunt's *Town*, the *Handbook of London*, or the notes to Pepys, Anthony Hamilton, Walpole, or Boswell, and never fails to fall into most ignominious blundering whenever it travels beyond that judicious tether. Of the magazines which we thus purchased the first which came to our hand opened of itself at the heading "In the Season," and the article so entitled commenced "In the season in Hyde Park. It is half-past six o'clock." We ask any one if there was the slightest necessity to read one line further. Was it not perfectly certain that we should be introduced to Count d'Orsay, Lady Blessington, and Prince Louis Napoleon? We have a habit of making bets with ourselves on such occasions, and these bets are usually scored on the right side of our book. The present case was no exception. We soon found ourselves reading about "the evening of a beauty so soft and charming as to give one an idea of the resplendent loveliness of its dawn"; of a person with "his shirt wristbands turned back over his coat-cuffs, driving a high-stepping horse in an admirably hung dark-green cabriolet"; and of one "whom people then merely regarded as a stupid, silent, disagreeable exile." Hurrying on to the end, we were still further gratified to find in the penultimate paragraph that we were taken to the familiar Trafalgar, where, as usual, "long moustaches are bending so far forward as to be touching crimped tresses, and bushy beards are brushing pearly shoulders."

Dropping the new-born *Broadway*, we now took up one which, having attained its ninety-fifth number, must be regarded as quite a patriarch among these Ephemerides, and our eye was at once caught by *Among the Portraits at Kensington: Notes Literary and Pictorial*, by Frederic G. Stephens. "They came from dusty nooks, from garrets, or high up in rat-infested closets, off the walls of long-deserted rooms in country mansions which once were all their own in body or in similitude." Not being able quite to understand the meaning of this last, we urged on our paper-knife, and soon came to "Gondomar stood there with a wolfish laugh; he was a great wit," and the inevitable "Countess of Shrewsbury, who held Buckingham's horse while

he killed her husband, as they say." Of Marlborough the writer remarks that you would not take him for a great leader "if it were not for the impress of resolution and energy, self-command and decision of intellect, which distinguishes the face." Of Bentinck, Earl of Portland, he tells us mysteriously that "Marlborough was the last apt man to do this reticent soldier justice," and then proceeds to relate that "it is told of him that, being page of honour to William III., and his young master suffering from small-pox, the pustules of which did not rise, the doctor recommended placing the sick child in bed with another that was healthy, in order, as it was devised, to carry off the poison of the disease from the former. Bentinck volunteered his life, was accepted, took and nearly died of the disease. It was a heroic act, which William long remembered." If so, William must have had a wonderful memory, for no such "heroic act" ever took place. When William was attacked by small-pox he was twenty-five years of age, and Bentinck a year older; and a month or two afterwards the "sick children," whose united ages were fifty-one, were clad in armour, and riding side by side in the battle-field. What really happened is beautifully described by Macaulay, and still more beautifully perhaps by Sir William Temple, who, having been ambassador at the Hague, was probably better acquainted with the circumstances than Mr. Stephens:—

I cannot forbear to give Monsieur Bentinck the character due to him of the best servant I have known in princes' or private families. He tended his master during the whole course of his disease, both night and day; and the Prince told me, that whether he slept or no he could not tell; but in sixteen days and nights, he never called once that he was not answered by Monsieur Bentinck as if he had been awake. The first time the Prince was well enough to have his head opened and combed, Monsieur Bentinck, as soon as it was done, begged of his master to give him leave to go home, for he was able to hold up no longer; he did so, and fell immediately sick of the same disease, and in great extremity, but recovered just soon enough to attend the Prince into the field, where he was ever next his person.

It is amusing enough after this to be told by Mr. Stephens that "there is a portrait of Bentinck's young prince here (No. 3), which must have been taken about the time of that act of self-sacrifice, and, in the pallor of its skin, the hollowing of its eyes, and other signs of debility, agrees with the look of a child just recovering from a sharp illness." But he has not done with new facts about Bentinck. Listen to this all who love the memory of one Matthew Prior, and have always been proud in particular of the best of his many good things. "It was Bentinck (!) who, when shown in a French palace Le Brun's pictures of Louis XIV.'s victories, and asked if such could be matched in England, replied, 'No; the monuments of my master's actions are to be seen anywhere but in his own house.'" Men so utterly unlike, in all but reverence for literary genius, as Johnson, Macaulay, and Thackeray, have united in telling this with a spirit of professional as well as national exultation. On both grounds we regret to find that Mr. Stephens has discovered it to be the saying of an earl and a Dutchman. Another person about whom he takes pains to show his ignorance is Miss Jennings, the elder sister of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. "This lady," he says, "is well known on account of her freak with Miss Price, when, disguised as orange-girls, they visited the rake Jermyn, and by other adventures of a questionable sort." This proves it to be impossible that Mr. Stephens could ever have read a book with which he gives himself the air of being so familiar. According to the *Memoirs of Grammont*, the ladies disguised themselves in order to consult Rochester, who was then enacting the part of an astrologer, as to the reason which prevented Jermyn from proposing marriage to Miss Jennings. We cannot trace his authority for the visit to Jermyn; still less for the "other adventures of a questionable sort," which exist only in his own imagination. Having fallen into these strange mistakes about this lady's life, it is not wonderful that he should have blundered about her death. "She died," he says, "in 1703, while her sister was still busily building at Blenheim" a palace called after a battle which was not fought till the year after the date here given. Mr. Stephens has also discovered that Pope called Lord Hervey a "thin white curd of ass's milk," and that Stephen Cave was "Johnson's employer and friend." In another place he makes the notable discovery that John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was the author ("notably the author" is the phrase) of the *Rehearsal*; in other words, that it was that most ordinary of literary dukes, and not George Villiers, who was sung by Dryden as Zimri—

A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome—

and was characterized by Pope in lines of hardly less brilliancy of antithesis.

As we have mentioned above, Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is one of the books to which this class of gossipers is greatly in the habit of resorting. They seem indeed to regard it as their own peculiar property, treating it almost as a *terra incognita*, of which the shores (or covers) were known in a sort of way to the general reading public, but the interior of which has been, and could be, explored by themselves alone. Nor is this principle of appropriation confined to contributions to the *Ephemerides*. It is not very many months since we had to notice two bulky blundering volumes of biography, professing to be the *Life of a great painter*, to which the familiar pages describing the first introduction of James Boswell to Samuel Johnson were bodily transferred with the same apparent conscious "right of discovery," and with about the same relevancy to the subject, as if they had been extracted from a long lost book of Livy which the biographer had himself dug

from a cellar in Pompeii. In the same "annexation" spirit, and altogether as a matter of course, Mr. Stephens must recently have made a looting expedition into this fertile territory, and carried off as his particular prey an anecdote respecting a cat called Hodge, for the utilization of which a local habitation had necessarily to be found in the next gossiping article. But how was this to be effected? To an inexperienced hand there might appear to be some difficulty, but to the practised looter nothing could be easier. "Among the portraits at Kensington" there happened to be four of Johnson, and why should not one of them be described as looking as if he was playing with his cat? No sooner thought than written, and in glides the anecdote with a natural grace which is something more than delightful. But as it would have been rather too much to assign this philo-feline expression to all four of the pictures, and highly inconvenient to affix it to any one in particular, some other neatly antithetical employment must be devised; and accordingly we are informed that "some" (of four) look as if he was bullying a bishop, and "others" (of four) as if he was praising the anecdote-endowed Hodge. Here, however, Mr. Stephens's good genius has deserted him, for he might as well have given the natural history of the snakes in Iceland, which were so conspicuous for their absence, as have delineated Johnson bullying a bishop!—him whose reverence for the hierarchy is known to have been unbounded, and whose bow to one of them was performed with such an elaboration of respect that lookers-on could only wonder what strange feat would have been performed if their Graces of Canterbury or York had been the prelates to be honoured. The very supposition in which Mr. Stephens has thought proper to indulge is sufficient to show that, in spite of the right of free warren in the Boswellian territory which he has thought proper to assume, the character of the hero is a sealed book to him still. But, granting that Johnson was as likely to bully a bishop as to caress a cat, neither description is applicable in the slightest degree to any of the pictures which were exhibited at Kensington. The first is that in which Reynolds drew him holding an open book to his eyes in a manner which led him to dub it "Blinking Sam." The second is the half-length which Boswell obtained from Reynolds, and which was engraved for the first edition of his great work. It represents Johnson, with his pen in his hand, in the very act of composition. The third is the portrait in which his hands are raised high in front of his face. The nervous twitching of the fingers is admirably preserved in the noble mezzotint of Watson, and is intended to denote deep thought struggling for expression, but to the eye of Mr. Stephens has evidently conveyed the pugilistic idea of an invitation to Hurd or Warburton to "come on." The fourth, which in the Exhibition was represented by two feeble reduced copies, is the thoughtful head which is as familiar to every one as his own face in a glass. In the original the connexion of expression between the brow and the hand is conveyed with unrivalled skill, and perhaps enough of it is left in the copies to have contributed to our gossipers' hallucination.

But we must conclude before we have quite done with more than the first of the many offenders whom we had proposed to introduce to our readers' notice. An ample crop yet remains, but with a harvest of monthly, in some instances weekly, recurrence we can well afford to drop the sickle for the present. If we have been betrayed as we wrote into a more critical vein than we had at first intended, it is only because we know of no other way of handling and exposing the second class of these nuisances. The first class pursue a much more judicious game, and may go on spinning out the attenuated thread of their own small reminiscences as long as they can find readers.

QUARTER SESSIONS JUSTICE.

IT is well known that judges cannot perform the work which is assigned to them upon their circuits. The cases, civil and criminal, set down for trial in such a town as, for instance, Liverpool are sufficient to occupy three or four times the period allotted for the administration of justice in that place. All sorts of devices must therefore be used to evade the greater part of the work. Criminal cases cannot be settled out of Court, but every encouragement is given to grand juries to ignore the bills. Of those cases which come to trial many are summarily broken down by the judge—the conclusion being usually right, the method undoubtedly wrong. A judge has no business to anticipate the verdict of a jury, even if he guesses rightly what that verdict will be. A man not guilty of the crime with which he is charged should be acquitted by a jury which has heard all the evidence against him, not by a judge upon the opening speech of a prosecuting barrister. The public would never permit such a course to be taken if they did not know how sorely judge and jury are pressed for time. Minor cases are sent into a second Court to be tried before a Serjeant or Queen's Counsel, whose name has been put into the Commission for that purpose. It is not thought indecent for a man to appear within the same building as judge one day and as advocate the next. On the civil side, cases have a still worse chance. Many are withdrawn in despair. After the first week of an assize, judges and counsel enter into a sort of conspiracy to procure the settlement of cases out of Court. An almost irresistible screw is put upon the unhappy suitor, who, after undergoing the vexation and expense of legal proceedings, and after fancying himself within a week of having his cause heard before a jury, finds himself relegated against his will to the tribunal of some

junior barrister in whose firmness and impartiality he has not the slightest confidence. To remedy this state of things the grand juries at both Manchester and Liverpool have, during the past assizes, made presentments which embody the same proposal. They suggest that only crimes of the gravest character should be tried by the Judges of Assize, and that all minor offences should be disposed of at Quarter Sessions.

This proposal is of course applauded by lawyers and commercial men. It is, in their eyes, a waste of time for judges to be engaged upon questions of life and liberty while more important issues respecting cotton and sugar remain undetermined. Lawyers are trained to regard civil as of far more importance than criminal proceedings. Attorneys retain counsel to prosecute or defend burglars or murderers whom they would not dream of employing in the most trumpery question of contract. The public do not, and the prisoners cannot, look so sharply after their own interests as commercial clients; and so retainers in criminal cases become matters of private patronage. But by the unlearned and unbiassed public the suggestion of the grand juries cannot be so readily accepted as a thing of course. We may abstain from entering upon the question why the proposal should not go further, and why a tribunal too costly for a case of burglary is not too costly also for a case of negligence or slander; but we cannot help making some inquiry into the merits of the tribunal to which so many issues involving the liberty of the subject are to be referred.

Courts of Quarter Sessions are presided over by men of four distinct classes—Recorders, stipendiary Chairmen, unpaid but regularly appointed Chairmen, and more or less ignorant volunteers. The Recorder who holds sessions in most large towns is a barrister of some standing, and generally of some eminence in his profession. He does not, like a County Court Judge, cease upon appointment to practise in the Superior Courts; thus his legal knowledge, instead of being rusted and enfeebled by confinement within the narrow bounds of official duty, is strengthened and refreshed by the stir and activity of the Courts which he still frequents as an advocate. A Recorder's Court is therefore often as good as a Court of Assize, and sometimes even better; and were all sessions held by Recorders there would be no great objection to a considerable enlargement of their criminal jurisdiction. The paid Chairmen of Quarter Sessions are appointed from inferior members of the same class as Recorders. They usually come to their office with qualifications nearly as great. But while the Recorder grows better, the Chairman grows worse. The position is unfavourable to the development or preservation of his intelligence. It is one thing to consort with superior minds at Westminster Hall, it is another to preside over the bickerings of a Sessions Bar. Experience, of course, the paid Chairman does acquire. But experience of the dull unvarying details of criminal trials is not an improving process. The Chairman falls into routine, ceases to think, and becomes absolute and dogmatic. Knowledge of legal details and aptitude for the formal work of presiding at a trial are often the only special qualifications that paid Chairmen of some standing retain. The unpaid and unprofessional Chairmen are inferior in legal knowledge, but superior in general intelligence, to the stipendiary. To be chosen to the office implies eminence of some kind among a man's brother justices. Some are men of the highest political position. Lord Stanley has long been Chairman of Quarter Sessions at Kirkdale in Lancashire, and will probably again discharge the duties of the office, which are meanwhile performed by deputy, whenever the reconciliation of the Liberal party relieves him from foreign affairs. Most of these unpaid and unprofessional Chairmen are men of social position, of active energetic mind, versed in public affairs which demand tact and experience. A few grow selfish and arbitrary. We know a Chairman who deliberately sets himself against ventilation, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his brother magistrates, the Bar, and the public, persists in closing every avenue by which fresh air can enter his Court, or foul air escape from it. Such a man becomes, especially in summer time, a public nuisance. There are others who signalize themselves by their overbearing conduct towards jurymen, witnesses, and prisoners. It is a misfortune when a jury acquits an undoubtedly guilty man, but some Chairmen deem it their duty, on such occasions, to scold the jurymen as if for some moral delinquency. It is inconvenient when a witness's timidity makes him inaudible; but that is no excuse for shouting to him "Speak up," in a tone which no gentleman unprotected by official position would venture to employ. Much may be said in favour of the French system of interrogating prisoners, and compelling accused persons to give such an account of themselves and their acts as may be necessary for the discovery of truth. But so long as the law of the land does not require a man to criminate himself, it is not right for Chairmen of Quarter Sessions to cross-examine prisoners, invite them to explain inconsistent or incredible assertions, turn their defences into ridicule, and pervert and misrepresent their cases—all which things are in some places habitually done. The theory that ninety-nine out of every hundred accused persons are guilty, is probably not far from the truth; but it is not, therefore, the business of a presiding judge by all means, legal or otherwise, to procure a conviction.

If all prisoners at Sessions were tried before men of the classes hitherto described, there could be no great objection to extend Quarter Sessions jurisdiction. The few bad Chairmen, paid or unpaid, could be kept in order by the Press, the Bar, or the Home Secretary. But Sessions lists, like Assize lists, are overcrowded, and the business is consequently slurred over. In most large places

second Courts are formed, presided over by any magistrate who can be laid hold of for the purpose, where justice of the very worst description is administered. So long as the present system prevails of putting men on the Commission of the Peace without the least regard to their qualification for the office, there is no security that a Court over which any two justices may by law preside will be fit for the trial of prisoners. The grossest oppression is sometimes practised upon criminals brought before these obscure Courts. Those, for example, who are on trial for the first time, amongst whom the largest percentage of innocent persons is to be found, are usually ignorant of the forms of Court. Old offenders generally know them better than the amateur justices themselves; but new ones, women and children especially, become so puzzled and bewildered as to be scarcely capable of making any defence whatever. In such cases an intelligent judge takes the prisoner's story whenever he can get it—usually at the time when the prisoner, essaying to cross-examine the first witness, finds his tongue unloosed. But your volunteer Chairman will have everything conducted upon the strict line. No deviation from the prescribed order of proceeding is tolerated by him. The prisoner who begins a fluent but disconnected story where he ought to cross-examine is cut short with a rebuke, "You may ask questions, but you must make no statement"; and afterwards, when the point is reached at which the prisoner's speech would be in order, the bewildered man has nothing to say. The jury itself sometimes turns upon a judge of this class. We remember a volunteer Chairman who, after worrying prisoners and bullying juries all day long, having a dinner engagement, charged his jury towards evening strongly for a conviction. But in one stolid red-faced jurymen the British lion had been at length roused; he would not convict. After an interval of dissension, the despairing justice recalled his jury, recanted his previous opinions with a candour and completeness that Disraeli might have envied, and charged with equal energy for an acquittal. But there was as much stubbornness upon that side as upon the other. The jury had been so thoroughly exasperated that they would not agree with either phase of the judge's mind, and they had finally to be discharged—long after the unhappy justice had paid for his brief authority by being deprived of his dinner—without having agreed upon a verdict.

The scandal of tribunals of such a character would not, however, be much increased by the carrying out of the suggestion of the Liverpool and Manchester grand juries. Cases of burglary, and offences of that class, would be practically disposed of in the better Courts of Quarter Sessions. The permission of inferior, in the sense of less competent, tribunals is upon philosophical grounds inexplicable. Injustice, because it is small in degree, is not the less objectionable in kind. But we, with our rough practical common sense, don't care to guard against petty wrongs. We shudder at the idea of hanging a man for a crime which he has not committed, but we do not think much of sending a man by mistake for two or three months to gaol. We provide cautious and costly tribunals to settle cases which involve the large possessions of the wealthy, but the poor man's substance may be disposed of by the rough offhand justice of the County Court. Yet we are altogether wrong in assuming that the difficulty of questions of law and fact is measured by the greatness of the interests involved. A tribunal unfit to decide an issue of murder is really unfit to decide who has stolen a goose; and one that can be trusted to adjudicate upon the poor man's pence is fit to decide upon the rich man's pounds. No incompetent Court ought to be tolerated in a civilized country. We ought to put into every place judges who can be trusted, and then we need not fear to give them extended jurisdiction.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COLLISION.

WE have not heard lately of many serious railway calamities, or casualties, as they are euphemistically styled. It may be that some occult law of compensation obtains—the demonstration of which is reserved for the Buckle of the future—which assigns to shareholders only an average of loss, and in virtue of which, when dividends are at the vanishing point by reason of unprofitable extensions and ruinous competition and invasion of "territory," human life is comparatively safe. That is to say, perhaps passengers are more secure when the line is in an insolvent than in a flourishing state, and fate never visits shareholders with the double necessity of paying damages for accidents and smart-money for the reckless expenditure of enterprising directors. However this may be, the Excursion season has nearly passed away without any large butcher's bill. The Midland Railway stands almost alone in furnishing the usual stimulating topic for the dull season. Perhaps the evil eye has had its baleful influence on this Company. The very week in which its great extension into the headquarters of the North-Western and Great Northern armies was, as they say, "inaugurated" with an immense flourish of congratulation, was marked by a reverse stroke of fortune which points the instability of human triumphs. The casualty in the wild Peak district is perhaps one of the most remarkable, and in some sense the most culpable, which we have ever had to notice. Enterprise and engineering skill were just congratulating themselves on having carried a railway up Mount Ceniz, and to climb the rugged ascents of the Derbyshire hills and moorlands by steep gradients was a very fair imitation of the Swiss achievement. But, as it seems, although science could by the help of steam half conquer gravitation itself, nature was in the last

struggle too strong for human skill. The accident may be briefly described. A cattle-train on the Peak Forest line had wearily climbed a steep mountain pass and entered a tunnel on a line of rails which ought to have been empty, and was signalized, or at least was assumed, to be empty, but which happened to be occupied by a ballast-train. A collision occurred; the cattle-train was the weakest, and had the disadvantage of the ascent. The momentum was only sufficient for the intruder to crash into the solid and resisting mass of the ballast-waggons, and the cattle-train was partly smashed and wholly detached from its engine, or rather its two engines, and of course by the law of gravitation fell back, or what was left of it fell back, and rapidly raced down the steep incline without check or hindrance. *Vires acquirit eundo*: and, at a speed gradually but fatally increasing till it reached the express pace of some fifty miles an hour for some eight miles, it crashed, not headlong, but tail long, down the difficult ascent. But this terrible and precipitous rush down hill was destined to receive a fatal check. An express passenger train was on the same line of rails, and into this freight of human life the wrecked cattle-train dashed furiously. There was just time, and only just time, for the engineman of this passenger train to catch sight of the impending fate rapidly turning a sharp curve, and the cattle-train was upon him. He instantly reversed his engine and began a retreat which, though it was not quick enough to prevent a collision, succeeded in avoiding the horrible catastrophe of the two trains meeting at express speed from opposite directions. The collision, however, occurred; and, wonderful to say, the passenger train, though impelled violently on its backward course, sustained no injury, and, arriving at the end of the declivity, was found to have received no damage either of life or limb to the passengers. The destruction of human and brute life in the previous smash was enormous. Five lives were lost, and innumerable sheep and oxen were destroyed. Of the twenty-three trucks, containing a thousand head of cattle, all were dashed to pieces except nine, and the five persons killed were out of nine only who were on the unfortunate train. That the incident did not occasion an enormous loss of life to the passenger train is almost inexplicable. What all but occurred is frightful even to think of.

But how did all this happen? How could it happen? Are there not precautions which amount almost to a physical certainty against the possibility of such a catastrophe? Are not the trains worked by telegraph on the Midland line? That is, is it not a provision that no train should leave a station or enter a tunnel unless the line is telegraphed as free? There is; that is the rule of the line. This is the system of the Midland Company, and all these precautions had been attended to. The line had been telegraphed as free; the tunnel in which the first and fatal collision happened was certified as open and safe. It only happened that the signalman made a little mistake, did not know his right hand from his left, misunderstood which was the up line and which was the down line, and just forgot, or never knew, which was the signal for safety and which for destruction.

For this is the explanation of this little accident divested of all rigmarole and circumlocution. Knight, the signalman at Peak Forest Station, is the hero of this tragedy. It seems that he was formerly a domestic servant, and is by present profession a porter, but had been promoted to an *ad interim* signalmanship during the illness of the regular incumbent of that responsible post. He had been for a month learning to discharge these novel duties, and on the day of fate he seems to have discharged them in a novel way. In the spare intervals of carrying messages for the station-master and lounging over his tea he seems to have looked now and then to the telegraph instrument. He received a signal and then went on an errand, and then took his domestic cup, and then thought something about the signal and happened to think wrong, and found the signal said something and misunderstood what it said; consequently, he did the wrong thing. That is, he did not "block the line" when he ought to have done so, or he blocked it when he ought not to have done so—in short, was all in a maze, and knew nothing about his duties; and heard no more and learned no more "till the accident had happened." But he had been taught his signal system. During the last month he had been studying the signals, and had been practising them. And he had been examined in his proficiency, and had passed his examination; and his examination was tested at the inquest. He then showed that he had not the least conception of the meaning of the signal code; and the examination which he passed, and which gained him his appointment, proved his capacity for being entrusted with the lives of the public by the remarkable circumstance that in the course of it he showed his examiners that he did not know the up-line from the down, and made another not specified "mistake" in answering one of the signals. Between him and his examiners there is a slight discrepancy as to the nature of this tentative examination; the pupil asserting that he was only examined once, and his instructor declaring that he was called up three times. But this difference may be explained by the easy way in which the teacher understands an examination. In this instance one of the examinations began and ended with a single question, which the candidate could not answer. The incident reminds us of a story of the examination of a candidate for Holy Orders some sixty years ago. The clerical neophyte was asked by the Bishop's chaplain to harmonize the two Gospel genealogies—which he could not do; to reconcile St. Paul and St. James on justification—in which he failed; and was then asked if he had read the Quinquarticular Controversy—which the

future deacon, who, by the way, lived to be a bishop, admitted that he had never heard of. But he was passed. And so was the accomplished Knight, who was commissioned with the care of lives, and has lived to be the author of the Great Peak Forest "accident."

The jury have of course "expressed a strong opinion." But strong opinions break no bones. It was very wrong, they ingeniously observe, to entrust Knight with the duties of a signalman before he had time to learn his duties; it was very wrong to pass him on so insufficient an examination; it was very wrong for the station-master to send the signalman on an errand, and to leave the signals to take care of themselves. Very wrong, very wrong indeed; and the jury, impressed by a deep sense of public duty, "could do nothing less" than censure them all accordingly. In this conclusion we quite agree with them. They certainly did the very least they could do. What we should be glad for the jury, or anybody else, to do, would be to fine the Midland Company. For the accident is so far typical, that it points to what is just now the real and worst danger of railway management. This is, that with failing dividends working expenses must be cut down. This is the universal cry at all shareholders' meetings; this is the promise of all Boards, and the one hope of all directors present and expectant. Working expenses must be pared to the very quick; but cheap management to the proprietors means imminent danger to the public. To hire a retired footman and entrust him after a month's teaching, which is no teaching at all, and at such wages as could not secure a trained and skilful man, with the lives of a thousand persons, with no other certificate than "that he would do in a day or two," and to trust to the chapter of accidents which that day or two would bring forth, is only a specimen of working economy. To employ engines which are shaky with age, and just not sufficiently paralysed to jolt on, to draw an excursion-train, or to shamble along with a cattle-train—this is working economy. To make up trains of old fetid carriages which are mouldy with the dust and grease, and populous with the insect life, of a quarter of a century—this is working economy. To start a train with such insufficient accommodation for the number of passengers as to force navvies and costermongers into first-class carriages—this is working economy. To feed the engines with coal instead of coke, and to poison, not only the unlucky travellers, but a whole country with dense clouds of stench and dirt—this again is working economy. But all this is a matter of daily occurrence on most of the lines, and is likely to become more and more their rule. Savings must be made somewhere. Up in the wild Peak country, and in the forlorn wastes of a huge system, an incompetent signalman, an underpaid station-master, or an overworked pointsman may escape detection, and the chances are that, if there is a breakdown or a smash, it will be only the death of the Company's own servants. Risk the jury and the compensation fine, but at all hazards cut down working expenses, economize in wages and skill, save in rolling stock, and chance it. While this is the policy of directors, it is only by a merciful contingency that the Peak Forest collision stands alone and pre-eminent in the more recent history of railway mismanagement.

ENGLISH POLICY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

IT may serve to clear the ground for a juster apprehension of what would be involved in the assumption by the Indian Government of an active policy in Central Asia, in place of the so-called masterly inactivity which consists in ignoring our responsibilities and turning a blind eye to the plain signals of danger flying in that quarter, if we offer a few remarks with the view of removing a common prejudice—namely, the bugbear of the danger of an advance into Afghanistan. It is the fashion for certain essayists and dabblers in Indian history to lay it down as an axiom that, come what may, England will never, after the lesson once learnt, incur the danger of another Cabul disaster. Now, in the first place, it is a strangely inaccurate way of speaking to describe our proceedings in Afghanistan as if the Cabul massacre were the only, or indeed the most prominent, circumstance in those events. The fact seems to be that if the history of our occupation of Cabul is fairly looked at, the proper conclusion to be arrived at is a feeling of astonishment at the extraordinary and undeserved success which attended our arms. For what is that history, told in a few words? Simply this, that having determined, for reasons which at least were not more forcible than those in operation at the present time, to take a decided part in the politics of Central Asia, we marched an army into Afghanistan across the territory of a doubtful ally, which was thus separated by several hundred miles and a wide river from its base of operations. The route taken by Scinde and the Holan Pass, besides being very circuitous, was destitute of food to a degree unusual even in Asia, so that our troops, even before they met the enemy, had already suffered much hardship and serious losses in supplies and transport. Afghanistan reached, however, Ghuznee was carried by a *coup de main*—a happy combination of pluck and good luck; and from that moment all serious opposition ceased, while the ruler of the country was so dejected by our success that he surrendered himself a prisoner, although he had all the rest of Asia in his rear to hide in. Afghanistan thus easily conquered, and our *protégé*, Shah Soojah, placed on the throne, what was called the occupation of Cabul then followed, in which every conceivable military blunder was committed. The garrison was largely reduced, only two British regiments being left in the

country; while even this small force was dispersed in scattered detachments. No reasonable precautions were adopted towards entrenching our positions, which were taken up as if we were occupying the most peaceful part of Hindostan, while the extraordinary folly was committed of placing our stores and magazines in isolated spots outside the different cantonments. To crown all, the general selected to the command of the troops was a worn-out old club-lounger, utterly ignorant of India, and physically unfit for any military duty. Having thus by our imbecile indolence and temerity invited disaster, we underwent the disgrace of the Cabul massacre, but the real extent of that calamity is usually very much overrated. The general impression on the subject appears to be that the British army—as it is called—in Afghanistan was wholly destroyed, and British authority swept away from the land. But what really happened was this. The force in Afghanistan consisted of what may be regarded as three brigades, with certain small outposts. Of these one strong brigade under Nott in Candahar, consisting entirely of native troops, held that country without difficulty or serious loss throughout the winter of 1841-42, although the position taken up was very imperfectly entrenched, armed, and provisioned. Another brigade under Sale, which happened to be on the march at the time of the outbreak, took refuge in the fort of Jellalabad, and held it with the greatest ease until relieved, its only difficulties arising from the want of provisions. The third brigade, stationed at Cabul, abandoned its position, and attempted a retreat which could only be practicable through the forbearance of the enemy. The enemy naturally declined to exercise forbearance, and the brigade was destroyed. It is to be observed that this force contained, of Europeans, only one battalion of foot and a couple of weak batteries; but the experience of Candahar and Jellalabad justifies the belief that, had it been commanded with ordinary intelligence and resolution, it would have sufficed to hold its position at Cabul without serious difficulty until relieved. Now it would surely be attaching very undue importance to prestige as compared with actual facts—or else we must suppose that the prestige of the British power in India rests on a very shadowy and insecure basis—if the loss of a British battalion can suffice to sweep it away. It is the fashion, no doubt, to trace the demoralization of the Bengal army to the Afghan war, but those who are on the look-out for some fanciful decay of British power in India may find abundant instances of serious checks and reverses, and of critical moments when our supremacy appeared on the wane. But if the facts of the Afghan war are fairly looked at, there appears really no reason to conclude that they had a bad effect on the native army. The inference indeed should be exactly the reverse, for the beaten troops, who might have been expected to be demoralized, were all cut off; while the survivors, the Candahar and Jellalabad brigades, came out of the campaign with all the spirit derived from success, and success achieved with very small loss of life—a most favourable condition for establishing a sound morale in any army.

But this is by no means the whole of the case. People usually talk about the Cabul disaster as if the war terminated with the destruction of Elphinstone's force, whereas in fact this disaster and the temporary loss of part of the country were followed by Pollock and Nott's triumphant advance to Cabul—an advance attended with surprisingly small loss when the difficult character of the ground is considered—and the reoccupation of the country. Afghanistan was then more completely under our feet than it had ever been before, and, so far as regards that country, it might have been held with ease from that day to the present time. The fact is that the real hazard of the Afghan campaign arose from a different cause from that usually assigned. The various writers on the subject have done more than justice to the difficulties offered by the mountainous character of the country, and the severity of its climate, but no one has ever pointed out with sufficient clearness the extraordinary risks which we ran in undertaking an expedition to Cabul while Scinde and the Punjab were independent States, which had to be traversed before the confines of Afghanistan were reached. When, indeed, we consider that the war with Scinde followed closely upon the termination of the operations in Cabul, and that soon afterwards came our final battle with the Mahrattas, and then the desperate struggle with the Sikhs, the expedition to Cabul, depending as it did for success entirely on the forbearance of two warlike and barbarous Powers, must be pronounced to have been the extremity of foolhardiness. That we were able for four years to send supplies through the Punjab and Scinde, and eventually to withdraw our forces to Hindostan, without embroiling ourselves with either country, seems now quite marvellous. It may certainly be admitted that the Scinde war of 1843 was not a necessary event. The Government of India is sufficiently master of diplomacy to know when to exercise forbearance, and when to goad a native State into hostility; and it may be presumed that, so long as we were entangled in operations beyond the Indus, we should have managed to avoid taking offence at the proceedings of the Ameers of Scinde and the Gwalior Durbar. But the neutrality of the Khalsa army notoriously depended solely on the will of Runjeet Singh and his successors, and had their control over it ceased a few months sooner than it actually did, when a large part of the Indian army was yet on the further side of the Punjab, the Sutlej campaign would have assumed a very different aspect.

But these perilous conditions of operations undertaken in Af-

ghanistan now no longer exist. Our base of operations has been moved up from the Sutlej to the Indus, and our frontier garrison is within an hour's march of Afghanistan. The Punjab, formerly our great danger, now offers an unlimited recruiting-ground of soldiers far superior to the Sepoys of 1838. We possess a frontier force skilled in mountain warfare; and although the present Government of India may not be conspicuous for political acumen and foresight, at least the appointment of a second Elphinstone is impossible so long as there are men like Sir Herbert Edwardes and Sir Neville Chamberlain available for commands. One difficulty must certainly be in fairness admitted. The border tribes have made a great advance in power of fighting since we first became acquainted with them, as witness the trifling opposition made to Pollock's advance in 1842, compared with the obstinate bravery displayed in the Sitana campaign of 1863. On the other hand, it has to be observed that whereas at the time of our invasion the country was under the undivided control of Dost Mahomed, it is now the prey of divers factions, any one of which could at once become predominant on obtaining the support of the Indian Government.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—No. II. HISTOIRE DU TRAVAIL.

IT is only of late years that we have been accustomed to talk of the application of art to industry. The fact is that art has been applied to industry in every age and at all times; only, as there was but one form of art applied at one time, nothing was said about it. Now, however, that archeology has supplied us with many phases of art, the application becomes much more difficult, for the artist can only hope to succeed in so far as he may be more or less of an archeologist. It is therefore evident that archeological studies have a great importance in the modern industrial arts, and they will doubtless continue to possess this importance until the happy period shall arrive, should it ever arrive, when Europe shall possess a brand-new phase of art. The French have recognised the great importance of archeology by occupying the inner circle of the Exhibition building with a loan museum of objects of archeological interest. Upon the whole it does not contain quite such valuable things as our own loan collection of 1862, but they are here much better arranged, and have the advantage of being inside the Exhibition building, thus affording great facilities for comparing the old works with their modern imitations. This excellent arrangement is due to M. Darcel, the Secretary of the Commission *ad hoc*, and to M. de Sommerard. France is divided into "Gaule avant l'emploi des Metaux, Epoque Celtique Gauloise et Gallo-romaine, Epoque Franque et Carlovingienne, Moyen Age, Renaissance, XVII. and XVIII. Siecles." As the objects have been furnished by the public provincial museums, by the *trésors* of churches, and by the collections of amateurs, and as it is very improbable that such a collection will ever be brought together again, we propose to devote some space to the description of the various objects, some of them of great historical interest. It should be observed that not only does France display her works of past ages, but other countries, with the exception of Germany, have also contributed. Is it possible that Count Bismarck considers the loan of the national antiquities in the light of a "material guarantee," likely to be forfeited should pending questions not receive a satisfactory solution? Perhaps the Prussians remember the taste for antiquity and works of art displayed by the great French nation in the time of the first Napoleon. The only drawback on ungrudging eulogy of this fine collection is the cynical one that it is out of place, and tells either too much or too little. These "International" Exhibitions, in their original and Albertine conception, were only competitive examinations of extant production and manufacture, and they were intended to furnish a mutual understanding or mis-understanding of contemporaneous products. It has only been gradually that the museum and monumental idea has been engrafted on Great Exhibitions. We are thankful for the change, but it is a change. In the present Paris show the original conception of living shops and manufactures has been absorbed in a great encyclopedic idea, altogether French, sublime, and—unattainable. Not only does the outer zone of the present building affect to be a microcosm, a reduced copy of the world as it is, but the History of Labour, the first of the circles, is something of a macrocosm. The History of Labour is the History of Mankind in all ages and under all conditions. This it is impossible to illustrate except by such fragments, partial and incomplete, as have escaped natural decay and the law of being, which is the law of destruction. A History of Labour which does not, as this *Histoire du Travail* cannot, comprise architecture—to take the most obvious objection—is a sonorous phrase, but not much more. What we have is a first-rate museum of what the trade call "curios," and we are most thankful for it. But it is not a History of Labour, because the materials for a thorough History of Labour are for the most part lost.

Gaule avant l'emploi des Metaux supplies a collection of stone celts, with bones of animals now extinct in France, and found in caves. Among them are drawings of the mammoth on a piece of bone, found by Messrs. Lartet and Christy; one of the elk on slate, to which the name of the Marquis de Vibraye is appended; a bracelet and a ring formed out of single shells; also a necklace of shells and bones pierced with sundry holes, which are, rightly or wrongly, supposed to have indicated grades of command. *Epoques Celtiques Gauloise et Gallo-romaine* contain very much

the same sort of objects that we generally see in collections of early antiquities of the bronze and iron periods. There are the usual torques of bronze and gold, the rude coins, pottery, celts, &c. The later period presents us with more interesting objects, which are more or less copies of Roman art; for instance, a large brazier from Lyons, embattled round the upper edge, and reminding us of the celebrated one at Naples. Lyons also sends a bronze female head with a silver inlaid inscription on the coronet, L.LI-SSEX-FLAENA-COL-ANEN. There are likewise remains of the bronze fittings of a chariot, including the two wheels from the Museum of Toulouse.

Under the head of *Époques Franques et Carolingienne* we have the usual filigree ornaments of gold incrusting pieces of coloured glass, at one time mistaken by antiquaries for enamels, and afterwards for cut garnets (which indeed they sometimes are). The more noticeable of these are the two swords found near Troyes (now in the Museum of that town), which M. Pigné Delacour laboured hard in an elaborate treatise to prove were the property of King Theodoric, who, as everybody knows, was slain in the great battle in which Etius defeated Attila. There are also some wonderful ivory carvings, including the famous casket (Byzantine) and comb from the *trésor* of Sens Cathedral.

The *Moyen Age* collection, as might be expected, is very full and complete, although neither the national collection of the Louvre nor that of the Hôtel de Cluny has been drawn upon. As regards metal-work, one of the first objects is the great chalice of the Cathedral of Troyes, which has been most elaborately restored—indeed too much so. We have also the celebrated enamelled foot of a cross of first-rate twelfth-century work, from the Museum of St. Omer; one side detached from the beautiful early fourteenth-century chalice of St. Romain, from the Cathedral of Rouen; the exquisite filigree cross from the Museum of the same town; and the equally celebrated A of Charlemagne, with other reliquaries from the rich *trésor* of the church at Conques. These latter are valuable in the history of art, as we know the exact date of their fabrication. The censer of M. Benignac of Lille is remarkable as being the replica (with the addition of inscriptions) of that in the possession of Canon Rock. We have further the valuable historical enamelled plate, supposed to represent Geoffrey Plantagenet, from the Museum of Lo Mans; the great enamelled triptych, or rather reliquary, from Chartres Cathedral, most of the figures being in relief; the exquisite foot, or rather part of the foot, of the now destroyed great twelfth-century Paschal candlestick at Rheims, in bronze of the twelfth century; and two crystal croziers set in silver, from the Museum at Versailles. One of these last has been published by Shaw, in his *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages*. The coloured print, however, fails to indicate the exact shape and colour of the red jasper knobs which divide the stem into various portions. We must also mention the beautiful crystal chrysmatory from the Museum at Caen, figured in De Caumont's well-known work; a large enamelled chalice from Maurac, and the well-known chalice of St. Taurin at Evreux, published by the late Abbé Martin in his *Mélanges Archéologiques*; and the two suits of armour said to have been votive offerings to the Cathedral of Chartres by Philippe le Bel, and now in the Museum of that town. To an antiquarian eye they would appear to belong rather to the time of Charles V. than to that of Philippe le Bel. M. De Sommerard has published them in his great work. Among other old friends we meet the saddle-tree figured in M. Labarte's work, and which now belongs to M. Dutuit. By some antiquaries it is supposed to be English work. The wooden early fourteenth-century wedding-chest of M. Gêrente is curious as exhibiting a mediæval version of a form of so-called "nature worship" which might as well have been allowed to die out. Several of the marble statuettes of weepers from the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy at Bourges are also included in the collection. The visitor will likewise find the mitre, commonly attributed to Philippe de Dreux, sometime prisoner to Richard Cœur de Lion, and the hero of "Is this thy son's coat?" story, of which mitre the orfèries are probably a century older. This mitre has been published in our own *Archæological Journal*. These are only a few of the objects with which the archæologist is familiar, either by seeing the things themselves or by their representations in engraving, and which now for the first time he can compare together. All the other arts of the middle ages may be said to be equally represented, especially enamels and ivories. Among the latter may be mentioned a most beautiful "Virgin and Child" from the hospital at Villeneuve, near Avignon; it has been cut out of an immense tusk, and retains its ancient painting. The church of Chelles sends three very curious shoes, apparently of the twelfth or thirteenth century. Two of them, which are evidently a pair, have a pattern cut out on the instep and gilt leather sewed behind with different coloured threads which form a border to the pattern. This explains the ornaments represented on the shoes in twelfth and early thirteenth-century painting and sculpture. It is almost needless to say that the enamels, coins, MSS., jewels, and embroidery which make up the rest of this collection are worthy of the most careful study.

The *Renaissance* division presents us with a vast number of specimens of the late Limoges school. The number and beauty of the examples are truly astonishing. There are also several exquisite jewels, rings, enseignes, watches, and little pieces of crystal mounted in gold and enamels. A watch-case and neck-chain belonging to the Comtesse Drialsnska are of surpassing beauty, and worth the whole contents of a modern jeweller's shop in point of

art. There is a collection of rings, principally of the Renaissance date, belonging to Mr. Carrand, and another the property of Madame Delange. In wood-carving there is the celebrated font-cover from the church of St. Romain at Rouen, well known by casts and prints, but neither process gives an idea of the delicacy of the original. Also we have a most beautifully-chased iron spur, the property of Madame la Vicomte Faily. This is quite as beautifully worked as the celebrated Strozzi key at Florence. There is likewise a curious collection of knives and keys. Another object of interest is the enamelled reliquary, in form of a ship, given by Henri III. to the Cathedral of Rheims. It contained reliques of St. Ursula, who, with sundry of her companions, is represented on the deck. Another curious reliquary takes the shape of a model of the town of Soissons, the treatment being very free considering that no other buildings are shown except the church. There is another reliquary representing the Entombment given by Henri II. to the Cathedral of Rheims. Both this and the ship above-mentioned are extremely curious, as showing how long the old Gothic art must have lingered in the provinces. Neither should the book-bindings be forgotten, or the pottery of Palissy, for both are here well represented; while there are nine examples of that cynosure of the antiquary, the produce of the potter of Oiron, better known as the ware of Henry II. A national work in the precious metals is the immense chalice from the church of St. Jean du Doigt, Finistère, which has been illustrated by M. Darcel in the *Annales Archéologiques*.

No less than two very large halls or compartments are occupied with the productions of the *Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*. Indeed it may be said that modern French taste is but the continuation of the art of those centuries. As a general rule the work is very good, but the art very bad. We here can study the continuation and extinction of the Limoges school of enamels, the rise and progress of the potteries of Nevers and Rouen, the rise of the Sévres manufacture from the beginning of the *pâte tendre* at Rouen, its continuation at Lille, St. Cloud, Chantilly, Vincennes, and lastly at its height at Sévres. None of the examples, it should be noticed, are abstracted from the National Museum at Sévres. There is a fine collection of silver plate of the times of Louis XV. and XVI., but very little of the time of Louis XIV., for the troubles in the latter part of his reign necessitated a general melting; and hence its scarcity. There is a choice collection of snuff-boxes, principally belonging to M. André and M. Double, and an equally fine one of watches, of which Madame d'Hargeville is the envied possessor.

Great Britain begins her archæological collection with sundry casts and photographs of Indian work. Round the walls are representations of the elaborate sculptures of the Amravatitope, with restorations by Mr. Fergusson. It is rather unfortunate that the gentlemen who have had the direction of this department have quite forgotten to tell us where Amravati and Sanchi, and other curiously named places, are to be found. After getting through the Eastern portion—which somehow comes in very incongruously by making the wonderful art and ancient civilization of such a country as India a pigeon-hole in our little insular history—we come to the usual stone and bronze early objects of our own country. One case contains the following objects, which can hardly be said to be strictly classified—Torques from the Irish Academy; the Tara brooch; the bell and shrine of St. Patrick, belonging to Dr. Todd; the Clonmacnoise staff; that belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and that of St. Melis; the Isle of Lewis chessmen; the enamelled casket of William de Valence; the fourteenth-century shoe from the Roach Smith Collection; an Anglo-Saxon bowl; and the Gloucester candlestick, the latter perched on the top of the case, where it cannot be seen. Another case is devoted to early armour. One side is filled with very early helmets, of which so many were found successively a few years ago. They are mostly furnished by the Tower of London and the Hon. Robert Curzon; the latter is the owner of the Anglo-Saxon helmet, A.D. 700, found in the moat of Oxford Castle. It will be curious to hear what the French antiquaries think of their authenticity. A large case is filled with mediæval plate. Here we again find several old friends. Among them are the croziers of Bishop Fox, of Corpus Christi, Oxford; the Limerick crozier; the Glasgow mace; the Norwich mace (crystal and silver), sixteenth century; the York sword (*temp.* Henry VIII.); the Lynn cup; the cover of a nautilus cup (All Souls', Oxford), and the New College plate. Four other cases bring the examples of English plate down to modern times, and another contains watches, jewels, &c.; among them are the exquisite enamelled miniature cases belonging to the Kensington Museum and to Mr. R. Phillips; the former containing the portrait of Queen Elizabeth, the latter of Sir F. Drake. There is also the Beverley triptych in boxwood, curious as bearing such unmistakable evidences of its nationality; besides sundry mediæval rings belonging to divers owners. The absence of the English specimens of the Waterton collection is much to be regretted, especially the Alstan ring and that supposed to have been executed for Mathew Paris. A screen on the radiating principle presents us with specimens of English seals, and two other cases with an epitome of our national *chefs d'œuvre* of ceramic art. Upon the whole, the English collection is not badly arranged. Everything is labelled; but it is to be lamented that the Commission should have omitted to supply translations into French. Surely, out of the large sum voted by Parliament a French dictionary might have been bought, or the services of the "Natif de Paris" obtained; but then language is evidently the weak

point of the Commissioners, and it was hardly to be expected that they should launch into the mysteries of a foreign tongue when the very careless inscriptions in the English building in the Park show that they are not too perfect in their own.

The *Pays-Bas* have a small museum which contains nothing very noticeable except a fine collection of locks, and a cast of the features of William the Silent. The rest of the collection is made up of the objects usually seen in museums; and as there is the usual "ticketphobia" on the part of the direction, there is not much to be learnt or seen here.

Prussia, as we have said, has no collection of antiquities.

Austria has some very fine works in crystal; in fact a large case full. One specimen is a large jug cut out of a crystal at least two feet high. Another, in the form of a *bénitier*, must have required a piece of crystal equally large. It was made at Prague, and is now in the Museum at Vienna. The gold mounting is reduced to its smallest dimensions, as it ought to be in such work. We must also mention a case of old Vienna porcelain belonging to the Princess Dietrichstein; and a large case of arms and armour, and another of Hungarian jewellery, from the Museum at Pesth, which would deserve a long notice for itself. Unfortunately there are no labels. Had the collection been arranged similarly to the French, it would have been one of the most useful and interesting to the jeweller in the whole Exhibition.

Spain is represented by books, and reduced copies of portions of the *Alhambra*. The only antiquity is an Arab suit of horse furniture, dated MCCCXXXI.

Portugal is much better represented, and sends some very curious mediæval objects, mostly belonging to the King. The principal object is an *ostensoir*, made in 1505 from the first gold brought to Portugal by Vasco da Gama. Although surcharged with ornament, it is beautifully worked and enamelled on relief in a novel style; the foot is particularly beautiful. There are likewise an enormous processional cross of silver-gilt nearly four feet high, date fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; a gold cross, of the twelfth century; and two very large silver-gilt chalices of the same date. They are very plain, except the knobs, which are enriched with filigree.

Denmark and Norway are the next in order. The collection of the former consists principally of arms, and gives but little idea of the well-known riches of the Copenhagen Museum, as published by Professor Worsæ. Norway sends specimens of the elaborately carved doors of the wooden churches, showing that good work need not necessarily be executed in oak. There are also a number of works in silver and brass, embroidery, &c.; in fact, we have a very good set of examples of the mediæval arts as practised in the North, which are curious when compared with the contemporary ones in France and England.

Italy has a large slice of the inner oval assigned to her for her museum, but, like everything connected with that country (the finances not excepted), it was all behindhand—in fact, not half arranged—at the time of our visit to the Exhibition.

Three things are to be noticed in connexion with the *Galerie de l'Histoire du Travail*, as this series of museums is termed. 1. It enables the archaeologist to compare various objects from different countries which were never before brought together. 2. It enables the artist and workman to compare the old and modern workmanship. 3. It exhibits a decrease in the "ticketphobia" of museum directors; for the French, English, Portuguese, Danish, and Norwegian collections have all legibly written tickets to each object. It is to be hoped that the example will be widely followed, and that the very unsatisfactory substitute of a mere catalogue and numbers may soon become the exception instead of the rule, as at present, in most museums.

(To be continued.)

RACING AT DONCASTER.

THAT the winner of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster should be regarded with peculiar attention and respect is mainly due to the fact that of late years this race has fallen to such superior animals as The Marquis, Lord Clifden, Ely, Lord Lyon, and Achievement. From the Red House in is about the easiest two-year-old course in England, particularly for this advanced period of the season; and though the winner must possess a good turn of speed, we could draw no conclusions as to his possessing the superior qualities of strength and stamina. It is, in fact, one of those races which might just as well be won by a very moderate as by a very good horse, and of late good horses happen to have carried it off. A fair but by no means first-class field contested the prize this year, Blue Gown having the most pretensions on public form. Among the runners were Pace, a big, strong-looking colt, by no means fit, and Vale Royal, Lady Highborn, Mameluke, and Mercury, all winners, but all in the second rank of performers. There was very large talking about Mameluke before he made his *début* at Stockbridge, but we believe him to be a hugely over-rated animal. Pace has shelly feet, and it has been found difficult to train him, which will account for his backward condition. It was not such a certainty for Blue Gown as was anticipated; for not only was he shut out half-way up the straight, but he found two very stout opponents in Virtue and Bel Giorno, who pressed him so hard that he only came in first by half a length after a very good finish. But to the discomfiture of his owner it was found that Wells drew the weight even when the 2 lbs. extra allowed without declaration were put in the scale. As a matter

of course Blue Gown was immediately disqualified, and the race awarded to Virtue. From all that we have heard, the habit of carrying overweight without a declaration seems of late to have prevailed pretty considerably, and as the Clerk of the Scales is naturally more on the look-out for short weight than for over weight, irregularities have a great chance of escaping undetected. The object of the rule is plain enough; for though at first sight one would not fancy that owners or trainers could have any inducement to carry extra weight, yet on further consideration we shall see that they may thereby frequently be enabled to avail themselves of the services of particular riders, and, in addition, to mislead handicappers. For if a field of horses are supposed to be running at even weights, but one of them in reality carries 5 lbs. extra, and this one wins, and gives the second a 2 lbs. beating, he is in fact a 7 lbs. better animal. Yet, from no extra weight being declared, the handicapper would assume him to be only 2 lbs. the better, and he would therefore gain in the future 5 lbs. It is not known what exact weight was carried by Wells on this occasion; probably it was over 9 st. Blue Gown, therefore, we may say, carried 5 lbs. extra, was disappointed during the race, and beat a good field very cleverly. It would be idle then to deny the excellence of the performance; but at the same time we think that Blue Gown is so fully furnished and made up already that he is not likely to make very great improvement as a three-year-old. Virtue, who thus accidentally obtained this valuable prize, is a neat, compact filly, but the subsequent running of Pace stamps him as the most formidable of the whole lot. On Thursday, receiving 5 lbs., he beat The Earl in thorough racing-like style; and The Earl's public running has been very superior, and he is much fitter than Pace. Again on Friday he won the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes, beating Michael de Basco, Mameluke, Court Mantle, and Blue Gown. The latter was absolutely last of the five, but no notice need be taken of that. The winner, however, has one of the best qualifications of a racer—he runs better each time he is brought out. He is a grand, powerful colt, with a great stride, and evidently possessed of much gameness. He has plenty of room for growth and development, and if he can be trained on hard ground, he will without doubt be a first-class animal. Court Mantle also is a handsome horse, not yet fit, but we do not fancy there is anything wonderful about either Mameluke or Michael de Basco.

Twenty-one ran for the Nursery, and Welton, who had shown in the Champagne that he could gallop a little, was the winner, but the quality of the field was very moderate. Athena and Leonie each won a race during the week, but neither of them had anything to beat, so that, but for the running of Pace, our knowledge of the two-year-old form would not have been increased. In regard to the three-year-olds, Friponnier, one of the best horses in training over a mile, and one of the handsomest, fully sustained his reputation. On the Tuesday he beat Xi, Viridis, Speculum, and seven more over a mile, old Sundeeah alone making a fight with him; and on the Thursday neither Romping Girl (who ran a dead heat with Achievement in the Oaks), Mercury, nor Cotytoo could get near him, the distance in this case being over seven furlongs. Taraban, who ran forward for a long way in the Leger, gave a further proof on the Friday of his ability to race when it suits his humour, as, at a difference of 5 lbs. only, he made a most game struggle with Vauban in the Doncaster Stakes, and beat the Duke of Beaufort's horse in the very last stride. Unquestionably Taraban's powers have been underrated, but no dependence can be placed on him. The four principal handicap races of the meeting were the Great Yorkshire, the Cleveland, the Stand Plate, and the Portland Plate. The two first fell to Seville, the two last to Bounceaway. To admit Seville into the Great Yorkshire Handicap at 5 st. 10 lbs. was an extraordinary decision on the part of the apportioner of the weights. It was manifest that with such an impost she must have the race at her mercy, and the best comment that can be made on the decision is the fact that Admiral Rous weighted her for the Cambridgeshire at 7 st. 5 lbs. It has been said that she won with very little to spare, and that she was very hard pressed at the finish. We are entirely of a different opinion. We think that she had the race in hand at any moment she pleased, and that she won just as she pleased. On the Thursday this poor creature, who could only just struggle home on the Monday with 5 st. 10 lbs., landed the Cleveland Handicap with 27 lbs. more on her back, and on the Friday, with 6 st. 11 lbs., she held the lead of Achievement, Hermit, and Bounceaway for a good two miles. Let us turn to the other two handicaps which were carried off by Bounceaway, who was by no means favoured by the authorities, as she was weighted with 7 st. 12 lbs. in the Stand Plate, and 8 st. 7 lbs. in the Portland. Her double victory not only speaks a wonderful improvement in her form, but also confirms the belief in September being the month for mares. Bounceaway is without doubt a first-class animal over a short course, as, with none the best of the weights, she beat in these two races such speedy animals as Xi, Midwife, Wolsey, &c.

It remains only to mention the Queen's Plate and the Cup. Lecturer was brought out for the former, and was opposed by Goodwood, Grand Cross, and Lord Glasgow's colt by Toxophilite out of Miss Sarah. Lecturer will scarcely recover his form again this year, whatever a winter's rest may do for him. Goodwood also has done a fair share of work of late, and Lord Glasgow's colt, looking much more like a racehorse than the animals we have for some time seen running in his colours, had no difficulty in beating them both. The Cup was the Leger over

again—a match between Achievement and Hermit; for Beeswing, who was looked on by many as capable of vanquishing the pair, was never formidable. The other competitors were Gomera, Seville, Goodwood, Tynedale, and Strathconan, not one of whom had the ghost of a chance. Hermit looked better than on the Leger day, not sweating nearly so much after his canter. The race was run at a great pace, Seville taking the lead, and going as hard as she could for two miles. Then Beeswing came to the front, but only for a moment, for directly Hermit and Achievement came out they left everything hopelessly behind them. All the way up the straight it was a match between these two; but Achievement's speed was far too great for Hermit, and she was going as fresh and as strong as when she started. Hermit ran gamely, and proved himself a thoroughly good horse; but Achievement required no riding at all. All Kenyon had to do was to sit perfectly still, to keep his hands and his legs motionless, and to let the mare sail away. She literally cantered past the winning-post, and her jockey had some little trouble to pull her up, so willing and ready did she seem to go the round again. What can be said now about Achievement's staying, or about her roaring? There cannot be much the matter with a mare who can go two miles and a half at an unusually fast pace, and pull up (after some exertion on the part of her rider) without turning a hair or blowing hard enough to extinguish a candle. There must have been something mythical in the reports circulated last autumn about the affection in her throat; but, on the other hand, we stick to our opinion expressed last week, that to the nature of the course and her perfect fitness the Doncaster successes of Achievement are mainly due. We do not anticipate seeing them renewed at places like Ascot, Epsom, or Stockbridge. We think that the mare has an invincible dislike to a severe hill, while she fairly revels over a flat course. On the other hand, though Hermit was beaten he was by no means disgraced. There is no doubt about his being a delicate horse, difficult to train, and seldom capable of being brought out in really first-class condition. Of his gameness and high racing quality there can be no question. It may be heresy to say so only a week after Doncaster, but we shall not be surprised if some day, when he is fit and well, he beats Achievement. Till then she is first and he is second; and there is nothing of their year within reach of them.

We cannot here enter into any criticism on the general arrangements of the Doncaster Meeting, but we may remark that the absence of a saddling paddock is a defect so glaring that we wonder how it can be tolerated at races of such importance. The horses are walked about on a strip of arable land, and, if of any note, are mobbed from the moment they appear till the time for saddling. If nervous, they become more nervous; if ill-tempered, their tempers do not improve; if quiet and peaceable, people press on them so that they cannot move. All lovers of racing are willing to pay a moderate fee for admission to a proper paddock, and, with such space at their command as is enjoyed by the Doncaster authorities, we hope to see a commodious enclosure provided before the next Leger day.

REVIEWS.

THE YOUTH OF VOLTAIRE.*

IT is impossible to examine this most painstaking work without being at once sensible of the amount of intelligent labour and unwearying research bestowed upon it; and the division which has been adopted by M. Desnoiresterres appears to us to be a natural one, indicated beforehand by the very nature of the subject. The life of a great man naturally divides itself into two portions. There is the period, more or less known to all, when his powers are at their full, when his reputation is established, when he is fulfilling his work, when he is great; but this period is preceded by another less known, during which his powers are growing, during which he is preparing for his work, preparing to be great. When he has become great, then our interest is awakened as to the years in the course of which this greatness grew; and even the insipid details of school and college life become invested with interest, and we search them out and examine them with care, looking in them for the germ of that which shall be.

Voltaire's career begins in 1694 and ends in 1778. It is to the first forty of these eighty-four years that our author has strictly confined himself, and they are justly described by him as *La Jeunesse de Voltaire*, for they belong entirely to the first period which ushered in the days when not only France, but Europe, echoed to his name. He himself, in his *Mémoires*—which stand distinguished from all that has been written about him by that wonderful freshness of genius which throws such a marvellous light over his stay in Berlin, and his Frankfurt adventure, shortly after which he commenced them—takes up the history of his life exactly where M. Desnoiresterres leaves it. The years on which Voltaire dwells with satisfaction are not those which he justly characterizes as his "idle and turbulent" life at Paris, but those in which he passed from his temple of all the arts at Cirey to the Palace of Alcinoüs at Berlin, when the whole town of Lyons came out to meet him with acclamations, and his countenance was so important that Cardinal de Tencin could not entertain him publicly, since the King of France was angry at having been quitted for the King of Prussia. With the brilliant career, so full of in-

terest both to the man of letters and to the historian, which commenced in 1733 with his retreat from Paris in the company of "la belle Emilie," we have here nothing to do. The Voltaire who figured as the precocious youth, "plein d'espièglerie et d'esprit," amongst the lettered *vauriens* of the "Société du Temple" contains but the germ of him who was the philosopher, the historian, the upholder of the rights of the people, the apostle of humanity, the precursor of the Revolution. Voltaire, *ce grand homme*, correcting the literary efforts of a King, living in peaceful opulence, and enjoying a position of the greatest independence, we leave on one side, and turn our attention to Arouet le jeune installed in an "appartement garni, rue de la Calandrie, au Panier vert," plunged headlong in all the pleasures of his age and day, keeping his Lent—as he tells us in his letter to M. de Vendôme, Grand Prior of France—"non avec harengs saurets, et salsifis," and humbly accepting the criticisms which drop from the lips of the Abbé de Chaulieu and the Grand Prior in the midst of their bacchic orgies. "Ce souper-là," he writes of a supper given by the Abbé de Bussi, "fit beaucoup de bien à ma tragédie; et je crois qu'il me suffirait, pour faire un bon ouvrage, de boire quatre ou cinq fois avec vous. Socrate donnait ses leçons au lit, vous les donnez à table; cela fait que vos leçons sont sans doute beaucoup plus gaies que les siennes." Notwithstanding, however, the belief he professes in the inspiring process of drinking with these veteran debauchees, it was the one excess which came amiss to him; for his constitution, delicate from his birth, was tried by the nightly intoxication not only permitted but enforced by the circle to which his mother's friend, the Abbé de Chateaufort, had introduced him—"La société du Temple," which was headed by Vendôme, whose giant powers of endurance were the envy of the Regent himself. "Je l'ai vu sans cesse," says Saint-Simon, speaking of the Duke of Orleans, "dans l'admiration pour le grand prieur, parce qu'il y avait quarante ans qu'il ne s'étoit couché qu'ivre, et qu'il n'avoit cessé d'entretenir publiquement des maîtresses et de tenir des propos continuels d'impieété et d'irreligion." Exiled from Paris for satires which he had or might have written, Voltaire passes from château to château, and exchanges the suppers of the Temple for the balls and theatricals of Sully and of Sceaux; so that, when we read on the *procès verbal* of his arrest when condemned for the "J'ai vu" of Le Brun to the Bastille, that "François-Marie Arouet, fils du sieur Arouet, payeur de la chambre des comptes" is "sans profession," we ask how were the enormous expenses of this dissipated life, passed in the best society amongst "le plus grand monde," supported? The earlier biographers of Voltaire are content, like the Abbé Duvernet, to state that the gifts of the Regent and the profits of *Œdipe* placed him above requiring the aid of his family. But on examination we find that neither the one nor the other can be regarded as the source whence his earlier extravagances were supplied, for the forty-five representations of *Œdipe* commenced November 18, 1718, when Voltaire was nearly twenty-five years of age, and the gifts of the Regent must be referred to about the same date. It was on December 6, 1718, after Voltaire's liberation from the Bastille, but when he was still under the eye of the police, that he received from the Duke of Orleans a gold medal valued at "six cent soixante-quinze livres dix sous, en considération d'une tragédie qu'il a faite sur le sujet d'*Œdipe*," and a pension of twelve hundred francs. That he occasionally received aid from his father the papers of M. Arouet undoubtedly prove. M. Desnoiresterres refers us to the inventory "liasse 70, quittances relatives aux sommes accordées à son fils, pour ses pensions, depuis qu'il est sorti du collège." But that these sums were anything like sufficient to cover his son's expenditure is in the highest degree improbable, and it is not unlikely that they ceased altogether when, in 1714, after the appearance of *Le Bourbier*, then known as *La Parnasse*, he became completely embroiled with his father, and quitted the office of Maître Alain, the notary, to go down to Saint-Ange with M. de Caumartin. From Ninon de l'Enclos he had received a sum of two thousand francs, bequeathed to him in her will to buy books, but this would not go far towards supplying even the wants of the moment. Voltaire speaks more than once of having had recourse to money-lenders and pawnbrokers. During the last weeks of his minority—October, 1719—we find him at Sully, protesting against a note of hand for five hundred livres, given by him at the age of thirteen, three years after his entrance into the college of Louis le Grand, to a woman named Thomas, who could only be, according to M. Desnoiresterres, a money-lender. At one time Voltaire refers to a visit to a usurer, who, having lent him money at the rate of ten per cent. for six months, disappeared at the end of that time with the articles in pledge worth four or five times as much as the money lent. At another he pledged even a school prize, writing on the fly-leaf,

De mes premiers succès, illustre témoignage,
Pour trois livres dix sous, je te mis en otage.

Thus one is led to believe that he lived involved in continual embarrassments, the natural consequence of a life of continual dissipation, that he passed from the table of the Duke to knock at the door of the Jew, and to raise money at the rate of fifteen or twenty per cent. on anything he could lay hands on. But it is impossible to retain this impression in the face of the fact that at the death of his father—January 1, 1722—Voltaire had already amassed a little fortune, of which he had constituted M. Arouet treasurer. Besides three "actions de la Compagnie des Indes," he was possessed of five thousand francs, and this could not have been saved out of his pension of twelve hundred francs, for he had then enjoyed it but three years. How could this money result from what

* Voltaire et la Société Française au XVIII^e Siècle. *La Jeunesse de Voltaire*. Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. Paris: Didier et C^{ie}. 1867.

at first sight seems to be a course of reckless extravagance? We ask this question, just as we ask how could *Edipe*, *Artémire*, and *Henri IV* be the product of years of dissipation? The extreme facility of Voltaire's disposition gives us a clue to the answer. With equal readiness he rushed into all the pleasures of the day, or abandoned them to spend himself in solitude on long hours of exhausting work. Just as there were intervals when the debauchee became the hardworking student, so the spendthrift was transformed into the shrewd and successful man of business. From the first he utilized, with a too cunning cleverness, his relations with the great or powerful, in order to get on in the world, condescending to little meannesses adapted to serve the ends of the moment with an ease which indicates the absence of clear uprightness from his whole character; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that he was always governed in his money transactions by a loyalty which was often wanting in his other dealings with men where his own advantage was concerned. His mode of life brought him into contact, not only with what is called "good society," but with the financial world; and his "Ode sur la Chambre de Justice," "ce tribunal infâme," had early drawn upon him the attention of men who were well able to requite in a substantial manner a timely service rendered by his pen. The months he had passed in the studio of Maître Alain had early sharpened his wits, and put him in possession of knowledge which would not only enable him to profit to the full by any opportunity given him, but would be of infinite value in the management of wealth once acquired. From what we know of his later operations in the lottery of "La Ville de Paris" which first increased his fortune to a considerable extent, and of his transactions in corn conducted under the name of Demoulin in the rue du Long Pont, and in provisioning the army of Italy, we have little difficulty in concluding that, in the absence of any direct source of income, money was obtained by indirect, and perhaps not always justifiable means.

M. Desnoiresterres, who shows a cool and critical impartiality which is beyond all praise, whilst he exhibits with a relentless hand the many traces of habitual self-interested lying and greed which disfigure the character of Voltaire, does not forget to bring into the clearest light the equally numerous instances of his princely liberality and impulsive self-devotion to his friends, or to any cause which enlisted his sympathies; and it is not really difficult to reconcile these conflicting facts, although at first it may appear to be so. He did not love riches for themselves—they were amassed to spend, not to keep; and, essentially vain and egotistical, his expenditure, whether of money or services, was always ostentatious. He liked better to make presents than to pay debts. Simple justice brought no credit; but generosity ensured a quick return of grateful adulation. That he was always consciously guided by motives of self-interest we do not pretend to say; his sensibility was readily affected, and, coupled with the extreme excitability of his temperament, frequently gave birth to impulses which carried him beyond the reach of his own vanity, and made him for the moment capable of sincere devotion, without thought of gain, to the cause of others. Where his personal credit was at stake, money was of no consideration, and it is this conviction that makes it impossible for us to attach any importance to Desfontaines's story of the thousand crowns accepted by Voltaire in lieu of his vengeance on Beauregard, who had not only played the spy on him in the service of the police, but from whom he had received one of the various cudgellings which are recorded at different times in his career. Nothing could have induced Voltaire to pardon an affront so galling to his personal vanity. It was the frantic eagerness with which he pursued the Chevalier de Rohan Chabot, who had employed his servants to beat him at the door of the Hôtel Sully, that caused his five years' exile to England, where, if Lepan is to be believed, he fared no better, coming in for what he calls a thorough licking from an English bookseller. Furious indeed was the passion with which Voltaire, in the two well-authenticated cases above-mentioned, applied himself to wreak his vengeance. Against Beauregard he sought the arm of the law, but he left no stone unturned to obtain personal satisfaction from the Chevalier; and it is no slight testimony to the reality of the indignation which he felt that, coward as he was, he should have been so sincere in his resolution, if possible, to kill or be killed by the man who had so grossly insulted him. Even the menace of the comedian Poisson (to which Rousseau alludes as if it had been carried into execution) was sufficient to throw him into a state of most indignant excitement, and he never rested until M. de Machault had thrown the insolent actor into prison. Little pity was bestowed on the victim of one of these *bastonnades* if he happened to be a poet. "Nous serions bien malheureux si les poètes n'avaient pas d'épauls," said the Abbé de Caumartin, Bishop of Blois, on hearing of the affair of the Hôtel Sully, and he only expressed the general feeling of his contemporaries. Even in England—where a poet might be, like Prior, appointed ambassador to a foreign Court as important as that of France—Lord Rochester finds the bludgeon of his negro servant an appropriate retort to a satire from Dryden's pen. The general feeling was indeed so strong, that the Duke of Orleans is represented to have answered Voltaire's entreaties for the deserved punishment of Beauregard by saying, "Monsieur Arouet, vous êtes poète et vous avez reçu des coups de bâton, cela est dans l'ordre et je n'ai rien à vous dire." It is true that one cannot attach much importance to this anecdote, but it is not the less an excellent illustration of the slight estimation in which a man of letters was held at that day in France. This Voltaire never ceased to resent; he early showed an anxiety to obtain a footing in political affairs, and the hope of accomplishing this long-cherished wish, ungratified

in France, probably influenced at a later date his journey to Berlin. In his letter on the consideration due to literary men, he quotes the examples of Newton, Congreve, Prior, Addison—all rewarded in England by posts of influence; whilst in France, he says, Addison would have belonged to some academy, might have got, through the influence of some woman, a pension of twelve hundred livres, or, more likely, would have been persecuted, under the pretence that his tragedy of *Cato* contained an evident attack on the door-keeper of a man in place. Thus he writes, stung by the recollection of his five years' exile, and of the effort made on his return to deprive him, not only of his pensions, but of his own *rentes*. Apparently banishment had taught him caution, if not subservency, and we hear no more of *bastonnades* after his return to Paris in 1729; he strengthens himself in every direction, he attaches himself to the Queen, and neglects no opportunity of increasing his fortunes or adding to the number of his powerful friends, so that at last he may be independent. Thus, when at the death of Madame de Fontaine Martel, in whose house he had passed two or three years, he retired to the Rue du Long Pont, where for a long time past he had carried on his transactions in corn, we are not surprised to find him receiving on a footing of intimacy those who in former days might have been his patrons.

At this point M. Desnoiresterres concludes what we suppose is the first instalment of a Life of Voltaire more complete than any we have hitherto possessed. The incident of his early banishment to Caen by his father has not as yet appeared in any biography, and the chronology of these first forty years of his life has been reduced to a perfect order which will greatly facilitate the researches of future students—a work the difficulty of which can be best appreciated by those who are acquainted, not only with the great inexactness of Voltaire himself in the matter of dates, but with the little dependence to be placed on his historians. The time and place of his birth alone have been hitherto in dispute. The "acte de baptême," November 22, 1694, declares him to have been born the day preceding. He himself gave various dates, and it remained doubtful whether he was born at Paris on the twenty-first, and baptised the day following, or whether the birth and "ondoyement" did not take place some nine months earlier, at his father's country-house at Chatenay, followed by the baptism at Paris in November. Even recently M. Clogenson, after a careful investigation, has decided for the latter view of the question. But there now appears a letter by Pierre Bailly, a Poitevin cousin of the Arouets living in Paris, dated November 24, 1694. He writes to his father, "Mon père, nos cousins ont un autre fils, né d'il y a trois jours." Thus the "acte de baptême" is found to be correct; it is decided at last that, beyond all question, Voltaire was born November 21, 1694, in the parish of Saint-André-des-Arts, and there baptised the day following.

Private letters, however, have not alone been laid under contribution. Police registers, and registers of the theatre, have been forced to assist in the herculean labour of reducing an almost hopelessly entangled chronology to order; and all this enormous quantity of material has been used, not only with sound judgment, but with perfect impartiality; so that we cannot conclude our notice of *La Jeunesse de Voltaire* with words more aptly chosen than those in which M. Desnoiresterres concludes his preface:—"Ceci est un livre de bonne foi."

THE AYENBITE OF INWYT.*

IF there ever was such a thing as English undefiled, the Ayenbite of Inwyt has a right to the name. How many ordinary readers, nay how many ordinary English scholars, would understand the title at first sight? It is so purely English that it has ceased to be understood of English folk. Not only penny-a-liners, but everybody, would more easily understand what is meant by Remorse of Conscience than by Ayenbite of Inwyt. And yet Ayenbite of Inwyt is, in all truth and soberness, the English translation of Remorse of Conscience. *Ayenbite* is the *agam-bitung*—*ayen* for *again* like *yett* for *gate*—an exact rendering of *remorse*; and the *Inwyt* is the *wit* or knowledge that is in us, that is to say, Conscience. And as the title is, so is the book. It is hardly possible to conceive a book in which the Romance element in our language should be brought nearer to a state of *Nirvana*. There is hardly such a thing as a Latin word, except those technical words which at no time could be wholly got rid of, and some of which have been naturalized from the very beginning of things. It is indeed plain that the writer went on a fixed principle in the matter; he deliberately intended to write in a purely Teutonic speech. One cannot help suspecting that some of the words which he uses were words of his own composition. For in his hands English retains the power which it has now lost of forming compound words at will to express abstract ideas. We light, for instance, at a shot on the word *Ontodelinde*. It looks queer at first sight, but it is English for *indivisible*. *Ontodelinde* is that which cannot be cut into *deils* or parts. It is a thrilling thought that, had Dan Michel's *Ontodelinde* kept its place in our tongue as a philosophical term, nobody would ever have thought of calling a man an *individual*. In fact, in Dan Michel's hands, English could do what modern High-Dutch can still do when it pleases—namely, make a new

* Dan Michel's *Ayenbite of Inwyt*, or *Remorse of Conscience*. Edited by Richard Morris, Esq. London: published for the Early English Text Society, by N. Trübner & Co. 1866.

word from its own stores whenever it wants it. But our High-Dutch friends must take care, or they will become even as we. We know German writings in which the French—may we say Welsh?—words form, to say the least, a most formidable minority. Our kinsmen have still a day of grace; it seems that we had ours in the time of Dan Michel, and that we unthankfully threw it away.

Now when we learn who Dan Michel was, and when, where, and under what circumstances he wrote, these facts become of tenfold importance. The Ayenbite of Inwyt is happily one of the few mediæval popular religious treatises of which we know the author, the date, and the history. Dan Michel wrote at Canterbury, in the year 1340, in the Kentish dialect of English. Moreover he translated from a French book written in 1279 by a Dominican called Lorenz or Laurentius Gallus. As Dan Michel writes avowedly for the unlearned, we see what sort of language the unlearned in Kent in the fourteenth century best understood, and perhaps the very fact of translating from the French has helped somewhat towards the uncompromising Teutonicism of the style. As Dan Michel translated from the French, he must have understood French. He could therefore better tell what was strictly English and what was not, and could not, as a man might who understood English only, fall unwares into foreign ways of speaking. In translating from the French, he must have distinctly made up his mind to translate every word that could anyhow be translated, and not to import bodily, as there was a great temptation to do, many French words, especially those of the abstract sort. We must also remember that Dan Michel wrote just at the time when the last struggle was beginning which was to decide whether French or English was to be the language of literature and polite life in this island. English won the day, but not without receiving a further infusion of French in the struggle. English won the day, but not altogether the English of Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt.

We are really thankful to Mr. Morris, the Editor of this volume, for the thorough way in which he has gone into the examination of the language of the book which he has edited. He has given us a complete Grammar of the Kentish dialect as we see it in the Ayenbite, as compared with other forms of English, especially the Northumbrian dialect. No stronger evidence can be needed to show that the English tongue is, and always has been, the English tongue and nothing else. The language of the Ayenbite is essentially our own tongue in which we were born; no one can doubt the identity for a moment. It keeps in use some forms and some words which we have lost; but it is the same speech nevertheless. But it is equally plain that the language of the Ayenbite is also essentially the language of the Chronicles. The two hundred years which had passed since the last entries of the Peterborough annalist had made considerable changes in speech, but not enough to destroy the manifest identity of the two. We are not so much surprised to find that some things are changed as to find that so much remains unchanged. The English of the Ayenbite is still an inflected tongue. It is distinctly more of an inflected tongue than modern High-Dutch, and the inflexions of modern High-Dutch seem somewhat elaborate to those who are used only to modern English and French. The Kentish of the Ayenbite has, if one chooses to draw them out as Mr. Morris has done, its genders, cases, moods, declensions, conjugations, all the rest of it. We wonder whether a Kentish peasant of the year 1340, the father or grandfather of Wat Tyler for instance, always kept with perfect accuracy to the laws of his native speech as set forth by Mr. Morris.

And now what is this Kentish tongue? If anybody chooses to call it Saxon, we shall not say a word against him. Only he must let it be whole Saxon and not Semi-Saxon. The tongue of the Ayenbite is strictly the tongue of the Saxon parts of England, as distinguished from the Anglian and Danish parts. It is a tongue which, as far as its special peculiarities are concerned, cannot be said to be any longer Kentish. But it still, in many of those peculiarities, remains the speech of the West-Saxon shires. To illustrate his fourteenth-century Kentish by anything now spoken, Mr. Morris has always to go to the counties of Somerset, Dorset, or Devon. It is not at all wonderful that old forms should survive in those shires longer than in Kent. Kent, even in the eleventh century, was, according to William of Poitiers, less barbarous than the rest of England, because it was nearer to Gaul. And, since then, Kent has clearly been far more open to foreign influences of all sorts than the Western shires. It is therefore not amazing that an approach to the language of the Ayenbite should still be spoken in the West, while it is no longer spoken in Kent. But the important point which we thus get at is that the language of Kent and the language of Wessex, in the fourteenth century and indeed much later than the fourteenth century, were essentially the same, as opposed to the language of Mercia and Northumberland. This seems to show that the Saxons and the Jutes were more closely allied to each other than either people was to the Angles. The case with which Kent became thoroughly merged in the West-Saxon Kingdom also falls in with this view.

And Mr. Morris's elaborate Kentish Grammar helps us to another fact—namely, that in the fourteenth century this Southern or Saxon dialect retained a far larger proportion of the Old-English inflexions than the dialects of Midland and Northern England. This is hardly what we should have expected. The South of England was clearly more exposed to foreign influences than the North. And yet the old speech seems on the whole, in the fourteenth century, less altered in the South than in the North. Yet this may perhaps be accounted for. There had been

disturbing elements both in the North and in the South, but they were elements of different kinds. In the South, English had to fight against two wholly alien languages. It had to keep on the old battle against Welsh, and to undertake the new battle against French. Northern English had doubtless also to do both to some extent; but it must have been in a much smaller degree. When and how Cumberland became Danish is one of the greatest puzzles in the history of Britain. Some say that is Norwegian rather than Danish. Anyhow it is certain that it is Scandinavian of some kind, while it is equally certain that we have not, as we have in Northumberland and East-Anglia, any record of the process by which it became so. But one cannot doubt that the process was accomplished at a time when Cornwall was still thoroughly Welsh, perhaps while Devon and Somerset were debatable ground. Southern English had thus to continue the fight against Welsh much longer than Northern English had. Again, one can hardly doubt that the proportion of French-speaking people would be, from the eleventh century to the fourteenth, much larger in the South of England than in the North. Southern English had thus to fight a much harder fight against foreign enemies than Northern English. It had to go on displacing the old victim; it had to keep itself from being displaced by the new invader. But it had no kindred element to assimilate like the Danish in the North. Close juxtaposition with a language of a nearly allied stock is a stronger cause of disturbance within a language than juxtaposition with a wholly foreign tongue. In the North the mixture with Danish was a disturbing element, which seems to have ended in a very extensive loss of the old inflexions at an earlier time. In the South the struggles with Welsh and French would not be likely to affect the language within itself in at all the same degree. The great time of thorough breaking-down of inflexions would doubtless be when the French-speaking inhabitants finally adopted English as their household tongue—a time which, in the days of Dan Michel, was only just beginning. We say "as their household tongue," in order to avoid a confusion which is often made. We are convinced that men of Norman descent could speak English, from the time of the Conquest onwards, much more commonly than is generally thought. In reviewing Mr. Dimock's last volume of Giraldus, we saw distinct evidence that Henry the Second, who was not even a native of the island, certainly understood English, whether he could speak it or not. Much more, then, would Edward the First and Edward the Third. But they would speak it as an acquired language, as a Welsh gentleman now speaks Welsh, if he speaks Welsh at all. They could speak English when English was wanted, but they doubtless spoke French to their wives and children. When we get into the fifteenth century it is the other way. All Englishmen speak English naturally; if they speak French too, it is because they have learned it specially. Henry the Fifth employed ambassadors who did not understand French at all. The age of Chaucer marks the age, not when the highest classes first began to understand English, but when they first began to use English as a household language. And this is doubtless the time when the inflected language of the Ayenbite was changed into the almost wholly uninflected language which we now speak.

Mr. Morris treats at great length of the Grammatical Peculiarities of the Northern and Southern Dialects, but he says little on what he calls Lexicographical Peculiarities—that is to say, the differences in vocabulary between the two. Of course nowadays the main difference is the retention in the North of so many thoroughly good English words which, because they have dropped out of use in the South, people perversely call Scotch. On this subject of Lexicographical Peculiarities Mr. Morris seems inclined to treat somewhere else. But we could wish that something of the kind had been done with immediate reference to the Ayenbite. One would like to see a reckoning of the proportion of English and French words in the Ayenbite, as compared with earlier, later, and contemporary writers. Mr. Morris's notes are few; but in one or two places he gives some instances of the way in which Dan Michel translated particular French words, showing the way in which he always tried to use genuine native words. The number of French or Latin words, other than such as are purely technical, is certainly wonderfully small.

Of the book itself, as distinguished from its language, we have left ourselves but little room to speak. All the religious treatises of those times have a strong family likeness. There is the same mixture of earnestness and formality. The methodical division and subdivision of everything had a tendency, one would think, to make the thing dry and heavy; but this was no doubt a good deal counterbalanced by a strong element of liveliness in the detailed treatment. Dan Michel, like his fellows, is full of familiar metaphors and comparisons, and quaint illustrations of all kinds. Here is a bit of droll personification:—

Je ilke / þet couaytise ledeþ / habbeþ zuyche mesure : ase þe pors wyle.
þet is lheuedi / and hotestre / of þe house. þanne asolle we betuene þe pors /
and / þe wombe / of þe glotune : habbe a uayr strif. þe wombe zayþ. 'ich
wyle by uol.' þe pors zayþ. 'ich wyle by uol.' þe wombe zayþ. 'ich
wyle þet þou ete. and drinke / and þet þou despendi.' And þe pors zayþ :
'þou ne selt naht. ich wille þet þou loki / and wyþdraze.' Allas / huet sæl
he do / þes wreche / þet is þrel / to zuyche tuaye kuede thordes. Tuo
mesures / makeþ be wygste ymad. þe mesure of wombe / in oþremane house
guode / and large. And þe mesure of the purse / of his. þet is zorghol and
scare.

It will be seen how strikingly few the Romance words are, and how nearly all of those few are what, in a treatise of virtues and vices, may be called terms of art. "Womb," we need hardly say,

is simply "belly." Its use in its wider original sense would now, we believe, be called Scotch.

Lastly, here is Dan Michel's own account of his book and himself:—

pis boc is ycome to þe ende :
Heuene blisse god ous zende. Amen.

Nou ich wille þet ye wywte hou hit is y-went :
þet þis boc is y-write mid englis of kent.
pis boc is y-mad uor lewede men /
Vor uader / and uor moder / and uor oþer ken /
ham nor to berje uram alle manyere zen /
þet ine hare inwyttte no bleue no uoul wen.
• Huo ase god ' is his name yzed /
þet þis boc made god him yeue þet bread /
of angles of heuene and þerto his red /
and onderunge his zaule huanne þet he is dyad. Amen.

Ymende. þet þis boc is uolued ine þe cue of þe holy apostles Symon an Iudas / of ane broþer of þe cloystre of sanynt austin of Canterbi / Ine þe yere of oure liores beringe. 1340.

A NEW PARIS GUIDE.*

IN the universal race of intellect and industry of which Paris is just now the central place of meeting, there seemed but lately to be one department in which all but a walk over was to be anticipated. The important class of guide-books and manuals of travel appeared to have been left to the monopoly of a single nation, almost to that of a single house. But could the land of the Stephens submit to see its scenery, its antiquities, or its manifold other attractions illustrated in a foreign tongue? Could the great existing houses of Paris—the Didots, the Hachettes, the Lévy's—bear the reproach of leaving their countrymen without some fitting rival to the well-known itinerary which every British visitor enjoyed in his own language? Of late, it is true, this reproach has been to some extent taken away. The excellent series of M. Adolph Joanne has made his countrymen independent of British guidance as regards several at least of the most important routes. And his guide-book to Paris, in particular, forms, within its scope, a very satisfactory and handy manual. But all this has fallen short of the requirements of those who profess themselves the most advanced worshippers of the metropolis of civilization. The Frenchman will therefore, it appears, no longer envy the Englishman his *Galigiani*. The trophies of Murray would not suffer MM. Lacroix and Verboeckhoven of the Librairie Internationale to sleep. Hence the enterprise which has had for its issue the ambitious and showily got up *Paris Guide*. It seems designed to crown the edifice of the great world's fair; being offered to mankind "as a monument of hospitality to the genius of other peoples by the chief writers of France, a proof of national progress, a living encyclopædia, a universal exposition of all that concerns the history, the prowess, and the beauties of the great city, as well as a practical and familiar guide for the use of the promenader in Paris." A hundred and fifty of the best-known names in French literature have been brought together for this great design, under the single condition of "loving Paris and serving the cause of progress." Each writer has been left to the free play of his or her individual opinions and susceptibilities; while unity of result has been obtained through the inspiration of a common object, and the presidency of a ruling genius. To no less a personage than M. Victor Hugo has been given the sceptre over the whole. From his pen has come the general introduction, explanatory of the scope and nature of the work. And by means of his "tender eloquence, through the prophetic vibrations of a soul wholly possessed by immortal hopes and unfathomable regrets, the *Paris Guide* speaks to the intelligence and the sympathy of mankind."

Of course the first thought of an English reader will be to compare this essentially native production with the well-known manual which has for a generation formed the indispensable *vade-mecum* of every British stranger in Paris. For, though bearing the name of a French house, we cannot look upon *Galigiani* otherwise than as an English work. There has probably never been the slightest thought of presenting it to the public of Paris in their own tongue. Nor is the tone or temper of its contents much more akin to Parisian tastes and sympathies than its external dress. In the contrast between the two works we have in fact not a bad gauge of the genius or temperament of their respective countries. The two volumes of the *Paris Guide*, each of nearly a thousand pages, exceed in bulk nearly fourfold their more portable English rival. They form, in consequence, no such handy companion for the pocket. Yet there is hardly a single piece of real information or indispensable matter of fact which these lumpish thick-set octavos add to their more slim and neater-proportioned competitor. Whence, then, comes the inflation which to simple English tastes might seem so wholly uncalled for and out of place? Suffice it to say in reply that the *Paris Guide* is written by Frenchmen, and for Frenchmen. More than sufficient might it be to breathe the name of the genius who has presided over its birth. Not content with what has been and is the Paris of reality, M. Hugo's imagination conjures up before him the "Paris of the future." From the prosaic realms of fact and history the reader is wafted into the far off empyrean of poetry and vaticination. And the minor prophets of

the dispensation have well caught the inspiration of their arch-hierophant. Every lip seems touched with a live coal from the same altar. We seem to read, as it were, an apocalypse, and our guide appears intended to serve for the streets of the New Jerusalem. There is much in these auguries of the coming millennium to remind us of the bombast that was called forth amongst ourselves in 1851. Only no one who knows M. Hugo's kind of sublimity will be fearful of his falling down to the ridiculous bathos of the *Lily and the Bee*. From the top of the Great Exhibition we are shown, in the twentieth century, an extraordinary nation. This nation will be rich, free, thoughtful, pacific, treating the rest of mankind with the tender gravity of an elder sister. She will have dismissed the phantom of war with horror or contempt. Caesarism and militarism will be alike fossils in her museum. A tunnel through the Alps will seem to her a greater triumph than the Armstrong breech-loader, and she will be "happily ignorant that 1866 saw made a cannon weighing twenty-three tons, named *Bigwill*." To her, as the mother city of the world, will swarm all nations, and from her, as the heart, will pulsate the whole life of mankind. Aerial machines outstripping all meaner modes of locomotion will throng the sky. No more ligatures on the arteries of human life, no tolls on bridges, no octroi or douane, no isthmus between oceans, no prejudices between human souls. "Unité de langue, unité de monnaie, unité de mètre, unité de méridien, unité de code." This central nation will have for its synonym civilization, for its capital Paris. It will be no more called France. In the twentieth century it will be called Europe, in after centuries Humanity:—

Paris est la ville pivot sur laquelle, à un jour donné, l'histoire a tourné. Palerme a l'Etna, Paris a la pensée. Constantinople est plus près du soleil, Paris est plus près de la civilisation. Athènes a bâti le Parthéon, mais Paris a démolé la Bastille.

George Sand parle magnifiquement quelque part des vies antérieures. Ces existences préparatoires, sortes de dépouillements successifs de la destinée, les villes les ont comme les hommes. Paris druidique, Paris romain, Paris carolingien, Paris féodal, Paris monarchique, Paris philosophe, Paris révolutionnaire, quelle ascension lente, mais quelle sublime sortie des ténèbres!

O France, adieu! tu es trop grande pour n'être qu'une patrie. On se sépare de sa mère qui devient déesse. Encore un peu de temps, et tu t'évanouiras dans la transfiguration. Tu es si grande que voilà que tu ne seras plus être. Tu ne seras plus France, tu seras Humanité; tu ne seras plus nation, tu seras ubiquité. Tu es destinée à te dissoudre tout entière en rayonnement, et rien n'est auguste à cette heure comme l'effacement visible de ta frontière. Résigne-toi à ton immensité. Adieu, Peuple! salut, Homme! Subis ton élargissement fatal et sublime, ô ma patrie, et, de même qu'Athènes est devenue la Grèce, de même que Rome est devenue la chrétienté, toi, France, deviens le monde.

It is a relief to come down from the celestial Paris of M. Hugo's second sight to the actual Paris of our own day and of history. A chapter upon Old Paris, rather rhapsodical and sentimental for M. Louis Blanc's usual style, is followed by a more full and calmly written history of the city by M. Eugène Pelletan. This, together with an admirable antiquarian chapter on the historic houses of the city, by M. Edouard Fournier, forms one of the most interesting and valuable sections of the *Paris Guide*. Science and literature find not less able or appropriate exponents. M. Renan describes the Institute, M. Sainte-Beuve the Académie Française, and M. Berthelot the Académie des Sciences. M. Littré discourses on the state of medicine in Paris, Dr. Pouchet on the Jardin des Plantes and the Museum of Natural History. The Observatory and astronomical science fall to the familiar hands of M. Guillemin. Education is strongly represented, M. Michelet, among others, taking the Collège de France, M. Laboulaye the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, M. F. Morin the University, and M. Ed. Vacherot the Sorbonne. Through the public libraries our learned guides are MM. Hauréau and Boullé, and no one in France could be better entrusted with the Imperial press and the annals of printing than M. Firmin Didot.

Art fills in the new Guide even a more prominent place than science or history, and the amount of talent devoted to the various branches of this subject forms the most adequate test of the earnestness and ability of the projectors. M. Théophile Gautier's article on the Museum of the Louvre is at once the most lengthy of the series, and perhaps that in which we see most vividly realized the principles which should rightfully animate a compilation of this sort. The descriptive fidelity of the Guide is enhanced by the artistic sense of the critic. It is no mere catalogue of the treasures of that famed collection. In his treatment of the successive schools of art, foreign and native, M. Gautier furnishes a running comment upon the history of painting in general, and his remarks will be found of permanent value to the student of art, beyond their immediate use as a *vade-mecum* for the loungers through the long halls of the national collection. The Luxembourg, the Hôtel Cluny, and the public collections belonging to the Artillery and the Marine, together with the more remarkable among the private treasures of art, form a sequel of approximate interest. The palaces and monuments could not be more fully delineated than by MM. Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, Arsène Houssaye, Alfred Assolant, and others of scarcely inferior name in the ranks of literature and art. M. Edgar Quinet opens to us the glories of the Pantheon, the long and splendid series of the national churches at large being entrusted to the careful hands of M. Viollet le Duc, and the humbler Protestant temples to those of M. Coquerel *filis*. The theatres hardly fill the space we should have expected to see devoted to them. Possibly this is the department in which every true Parisian would deem a guide the greatest superfluity. We have, however,

* *Paris Guide*. Par les principaux Écrivains et Artistes de la France. 2 vols. Paris: Librairie Internationale; A. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven, et C^{ie}. 1867.

to thank M. dramatic life of the self-c piece is made the book, we public as mo three hundre up "All Par Representatio of being thro two oracles and Henri T contrast herc Romantic an It is not, wealth eithe as the capit external ch reaches a he the secret of peculiarly t oracle in th might be ir fitter handa names is s literature. makes up t whisper the M. Edmon Mode," "L by Madame Janin, prin phile" P degree of v with "Le theme as to and devoid to see com the vetera forced and attitude w "La Révé rapid piec No amo multifariac racteristic constant c modic sty rambling each piec writer's names is most lik "album" strikingly signature for the p to take idiosyncr confident the clea thoughtf Renan's flourish joyment is lost to M. Hug hold the a crowqu and Ed strength than in Favre m lawyers, to this s by the p theirs of "Le Be much fo practice writers The but of been se names. Gérom rate w interior Gustav for her Poissy stamp the da and A this b treats over a

to thank M. Dumas *filis* for a short peep behind the scenes of dramatic life into the mysteries of the *claque*, and the workings of the self-constituted fates by whose irresponsible voice a new piece is made or marred for the unconscious public. Nothing in the book, we should say, will be likely to strike the English public as more novel or queer than the doings of the two or three hundred who, for the purposes of dramatic criticism, make up "All Paris" as set forth in the disclosures of "Les Premières Représentations." The papers on the schools of art have the air of being thrown in for the mere purpose of giving their say to two oracles of the respective eminence of MM. Alexandre Dumas and Henri Taine. Yet many a reader will be glad of seeing the contrast here afforded within the shortest compass between the Romantic and the Positive schools of criticism in art.

It is not, however, by virtue of its historic glories, or of its wealth either in science or art, that Paris claims to reign supreme as the capital of the world. Nor is it in the delineation of the external charms of this queen of cities that the new Guide reaches a height never attained by any manual of the sort. For the secret of that subtle indefinable enchantment which belongs peculiarly to Paris, the reader will find an open and eloquent oracle in the second part, "La Vie." "See Paris and live" might be inscribed on the title-page of this section. Nor could sifter hands have been chosen to lift the veil. The mere list of names is suggestive to every dabbler in contemporary French literature. To give an idea of the varied and exciting lore which makes up the physiology of Parisian life, need we do more than whisper that M. Paul Féval discourses of "La Vie de Paris," M. Edmond About speculates "Dans les Ruines," that "La Mode," "La Parisienne," and "Les Types Parisiens" are drawn by Madame Emmeline Raymond and M. Ch. Yriarte, while Jules Janin, prince of feuilletonists, sketches amusingly the "Bibliophile"? Balls and concerts inspire M. Champfleury with a due degree of vivacity and gusto; while M. Henry de Pène, following with "Le Sommeil de Paris," so far yields to the influence of his theme as to be for once, we are bound to avow, positively drowsy and devoid of interest. The same unwanted effect we are grieved to see coming over Madame George Sand. Whether it be that the veteran novelist has for once overstrained her powers by a forced and unnatural effort, or that a brown study is a mental attitude wholly foreign to the temperament of Madame Sand, "La Réverie à Paris" strikes us as about the dulllest and most rapid piece of writing in the book.

No amount of selection at hazard will give any idea of the multifarious features of Parisian life touched upon in this characteristic handbook. Its fault lies in its great diffuseness, its constant straining after effect, and its frequently stilted and spasmodic style. Among so many writers it could hardly help being rambling and unconnected. The general impression left by each piece of patchwork is that what for the moment filled the writer's mind was not so much Paris as himself. The work is most likely to take, and to live among the French public, as an "album" of literary portraiture. This impression is still more strikingly borne out by the curious series of facsimiles of the signatures of each contributor. Here is quite a study, not only for the professed chirographist, but for every one who is wont to take note of such indications of character. Each writer's idiosyncrasy is plainly stamped upon the page. The big, fiery, confident dash of the editor forms an amusing contrast with the clear, calm, delicate mignon of M. Taine, or the solid, thoughtful, businesslike hand of Michelet or Louis Blanc. M. Renan's bold first strokes fade into a vague and indecisive flourish at the end. M. Assolant lingers with an air of easy enjoyment over his elegantly formed curves; while Paul de Kock is lost to all sober pursuit in a luxuriant labyrinth of flourishes. M. Hugo *filis* writes in copper-plate. George Sand seems to hold the pen with a grip of steel. Émile de Girardin must use a crowquill, and John Lemoine the point of a pin. Paul Féval and Edmond About are much alike in neatness, precision, and strength. Nowhere are force and dignity more conspicuous than in the fine characters of Berryer, nor is the hand of Jules Favre much behind in clear and sinewy vigour. These eminent lawyers, we would remark, without directly contributing their share to this singular literary *omnium gatherum*, have lent it their support by the permission to make extracts from earlier compositions of theirs on the subject of their profession. The fragments headed "Le Barreau," and "Le rôle de l'Avocat" will be read, not so much for any guidance they afford the stranger to the theory or practice of French jurisprudence, as out of respect for the illustrious writers themselves.

The illustrations which form part of the Guide are numerous, but of unequal merit. Like the book itself, they seem to have been selected on the principle of forming a gallery of representative names. It is, however, under great disadvantage that artists like Gérôme or Yriarte appear through the poor medium of second-rate woodcuts. M. Morin's architectural effects, especially the interiors, are good. We are surprised to miss the indefatigable Gustave Doré. Rosa Bonheur throws in rather a sorry sketch, for her, of the "Marché aux Chevaux," with one of the cattle at Poissy somewhat more worthy of her powers. But the general stamp of these artistic adjuncts falls far below the standard of the day. The allegories of Paris ancient and modern, Science and Art, are pitiful trumpery. Some are simply caricatures. But this became necessary on the enlistment of the great Cham, who treats us to sundry bits of pictorial fun which he had to spare over and above his boundless store of contributions to the *Char-*

vari. M. Daumier, in his "Types d'Avocats," does but travesty a grave profession. M. Rops is amusingly effective in his pair of *badouins* of the boulevards, as well as in his *lorette*, the type of the greedy, sensuous, tigerish creatures that haunt Mabile, a step even below the *demi-monde* in the scale of society and morals:—

... balayant de ses longues trains
Le Seyssel tigré de crachats.

It is well perhaps that the *Paris Guide*, while indicating to the stranger the landmarks by which he may steer with safety and delight along the enchanted isle, should give him warning of the sirens whose spells expose his bark to jeopardy. In a state of manners in which Thérèse is acknowledged queen, it would no doubt be a strange omission not to initiate us into the mysteries of that depth of Parisian life out of which stars of such rare brilliance take their rise. He who seeks to understand and to enjoy Paris must fling himself, so Parisians teach, into the pursuit with the loyal unquestioning devotion of a lover doting upon his mistress. Like Montaigne, he must love her with his whole heart, tenderly, "jusques à ses verrues et à ses tâches." It is in this spirit that his complaisant and eager guides contend for the honour of enlightening and directing his steps. And for those who do not much object to a somewhat rambling and desultory kind of walk, there will be pleasure enough in going through the ins and outs of Paris under such distinguished and agreeable companionship.

LOTTA SCHMIDT.*

WITHOUT being chargeable with mannerism in a disagreeable sense, all of Mr. Trollope's work has a certain stamp of its own which distinguishes it from the work of any other living writer. Commonplace in subject, but neither vulgar nor mean, pure in tone, but not in the least degree noble or enthusiastic, it is essentially the literature of the moral and respectable middle-class mind—of people too realistic to be bothered by sentiment, too moral to countenance the sensationalism of crime, and too little spiritual to accept preachments or rhapsody for their daily use. It is the literature of the careless out-of-door summer life which does not want to be stirred by strong emotions of any kind, and for quiet winter evening family reading, which must not have them. And it is safe. The most careful mother need not make a pioneer excursion among Mr. Trollope's pages in quest of naughtiness forbidden to her daughters; and yet few young people, save of the very fastest pattern, will call those pages slow, though every now and then we certainly do come upon arid tracts which make the current number of the periodical in which they appear more disappointing than satisfying. But then the serial mode of publication is the most trying of all to a non-sensational writer, who does not rest his interest on playing bopeep with a secret, or on the dramatic situations of murder and its detection; and, on the whole, the result is pleasant enough to make us forgive the dull bits in favour of the lively ones.

Mr. Trollope is as successful in his short stories as in his longer novels. And it is by no means a general thing to find an author as satisfactory in his sketches as in his more finished work, the qualities which produce a good three-volume novel being of a different order from those which create a smart and telling magazine story. For intellect has its register like larynxes, and it is as rare to find the distinctive characteristics of two ranges of intellect united as to hear bass and treble in the same voice. But within such extremes as tragedy and vaudeville—G in the bass and A in the treble—success, even in the best description of second-rate authorship, is usually limited to one style at most. And Mr. Trollope's success in the *Chronicles of Barset* and in *Lotta Schmidt* is something specially creditable. The volume which has been published under the title of *Lotta Schmidt and Other Stories* is a collection of tales that have appeared in *Good Words* and other magazines—all thoroughly Trollopian, and with some of the author's most marked excellences and faults; being pleasant fancies of the thinnest material worked up with the smallest expenditure of labour possible—not strong meat by any means, but sweet and wholesome milk, and, if occasionally diluted, always clean and digestible. Yet, call them what he will, they are all English stories of middle-class life. Whatever the name given to the country, whatever the accuracy of the outside portraiture and the correctness of the upholstery, the girls themselves are just middle-class English girls, such as you see in parsonages, and pretty lake-side houses, and in West End London suburbs. Lotta Schmidt, who gives her name as band-leader to the sisterhood, is a Viennese by painting—a Viennese in the description of her tall and slender person, with her jet-black hair in long full curls arranged in the old school-girl "crop"; and in "that singular fierceness of independence, as though she were constantly asserting that she would never submit to the inconvenience of feminine softness"; but she is Lotty Smith all the same—merely Lotty Smith dressed à la Viennoise at a fancy ball where all the guests masquerade. In outside action she is so far foreign as to go to Sperl's dancing saloon alone, making appointments with single men for dance and supper, without the shadow of impropriety; and she is so far German as to prefer, at last, ugly and old Herr Crippel to young and handsome Fritz Planken, because the Herr played the zither divinely and Fritz only dressed like a tailor's angel and loved like a young man; but in the inner nature

* *Lotta Schmidt, and Other Stories*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Alexander Strahan.

of her she is Anglo-Saxon and Trollopian to the backbone. So indeed are all the girls, save little Mally of "Malachi's Cove"; and she is Mr. Trollope's translation of George Sand's *petite Fadette*. Else, in the "fugitive" gallery we have repeats of the stationary types, which by the cleverness of their repetition are as much a study as if they had been bran-new creations. For it takes a man of genius to play variations on a single string, and not become monotonous. There is Miss Viner, with her unwelcome lover and her vagrant fancy—what is she but Lucy Roberts with a shade more wilfulness, and a deeper dash of petulance, than we find in her prototype? Miss Ophelia Gledd, too—American so far as her audacity of flirting, her *tête-à-tête* sleighings with her ardent admirers, and her aggressive independence go—is only another view of the same face, whatever it may please her author to label her. She is merely Lucy Roberts with a Yankee twang and a dictatorial air, and that indescribable something which marks the difference between an American lady and an English gentlewoman. This indescribable something Mr. Trollope has spoken of, but has not distinctly embodied in his sketch of the dashing free-and-easy Boston belle, so that those readers only who know something already of American manners can fill up his outlines into a complete picture. Therefore they only can answer the question which comes as *l'envoi* of the story—"Will she or will she not be received in London as a lady, as such a lady as my friend Pryor might have been expected to take for his wife?" The answer is No. She will be received as the American idea of a lady, which is quite another matter.

In this collection are two stories based on the same theme, differently located, and both marked by the same mistake and the same incompleteness of handling. In "The Last Austrian who left Venice," and the "Two Generals," we have the old strife between love and patriotism, so often written of, and so inexhaustible in subjects. But Mr. Trollope has touched this string weakly, and we think not quite correctly. We doubt if in all Venice there could have been found one lady who would have suffered herself to love an Austrian officer during the occupation of the city, and while the struggle for independence was beginning; and certainly we do not think that any Italian girl of repute would have acted as Nina Pepé is made to act. An English strong-minded girl—or Miss Ophelia Gledd—might have gone alone to a military hospital in search of her wounded lover, and might have sat on his bed for three days and nursed him as a wife nursing her husband; but would an Italian maiden—a girl in a country which keeps its girlhood practically under lock and key, and which does not allow a very excessive amount of liberty to its young matrons? Would Nina Pepé have returned from Verona with a shred of character left?—not to speak of the contempt and scorn that would have been poured on her by all her compatriots for her infidelity in loving a national enemy at all. We in England, where national feeling has no occasion for bitterness, can scarcely imagine the intensity and the religiousness of the hatred existing in the hearts of even the women of certain nations. A patriotic Venetian woman would have held herself accursed had she suffered her love to stray towards an Austrian officer. It would have been as possible as that an English lady should have loved a Hindoo rebel at the time of the mutiny. All the ties of home, all the passionate love of kindred, all the honour of comradeship, all the piety that lies in patriotism, would have forbidden such a crime; and had Nina's brother Carlo been what the author sought to make him, he would have stabbed either the Austrian, or Nina herself, before he would have suffered such a stain upon his house. Love is master of the world certainly; but when love and honour stand foot to foot as enemies, love as victor is not crowned with glory, but rather with shame and humiliation.

"The Two Generals" carries the same theme into the American war, where two Kentuckian brothers take opposite sides—the old father at last sympathizing with the Secessionist cause, while the mother and cousin Ada are warmly for the North and emancipation. This is awkward, seeing that General Tom the Secesh general is engaged to Ada, and that Frank the Northerner is also in love with her; though Tom is by far the finer fellow of the two, and is dearly loved by Ada, while she hates his works and ways, and the cause for which he fights and suffers. It would be a nice point to settle how far such a state of mind was possible in a woman, and whether she would not veer round to the side espoused by her lover, whatever her previous opinions, or, in the heat of her partisanship, fling love overboard altogether, and cut her connexion with an enemy engaged in active service against her own party. The poets who have taken this theme have generally shown their heroine's mind to be filled with remorse in proportion to the width of the gulf which honour had placed between her and her lover—making her blush for her love as sin, or else making her willing to become renegade to the sterner creed of ethical duty for the sweeter sake of love. And are they not right? Could ardent patriotism and ardent love in opposition exist together in a woman's heart? Would she not necessarily become wholly one or the other—patriot or renegade, partisan or devotee? Certainly a very few exceptional women might be able to weigh and judge, and hold the balance between passion and principle evenly; but neither Nina Pepé nor Ada Forster is an exceptional woman, both being of the sweet and simple type, loving, dutiful, and by no means strong-minded, though enthusiastic. And then Mr. Trollope has not portrayed any struggle. He just puts his situation quietly, but shows no internal conflict, no doubts, no fears, no agonizing difficulties of love and conscience, no pain of heart warring with head. It is merely a love affair in both cases,

broken up in its smooth running by untoward circumstances, but of the deeper anguish we have not a trace. These, indeed, are not Mr. Trollope's specialities for analysis. He can enter into the doubts and difficulties of a woman's choice relative to the world and society at large, but when the question is of the more subtle, or the more lofty mental phases, he is lost. As there are notes inaudible to certain ears, so are there thoughts inconceivable by certain minds, and such are the higher range of conscientious scruples to Mr. Trollope. Nevertheless he gives us good work and pleasant reading in his own style. And if that style is simply the sublime of commonplace, are there not readers and admirers in proportion to the demand? and must not the ordinary middle-class mind be fed with food convenient for it, all the same as the two extraordinary extremes? It is easier to carp than to excel; and until we have an author who unites Mr. Trollope's ease and facile painting with higher aims than his, and more thorough power of dissection, we may be well content with what he does for us; though his characters are mostly repetitions of familiar types, and his psychology is of the most elemental kind.

THE HANOVERIANS IN THURINGIA.*

THE din of the great struggle in Bohemia last summer drew attention away from events of less importance than those in which Austria was concerned. At any other time the gallant struggle made by the Hanoverians, and the ruin which overtook their army, King, and separate existence, would have been very closely watched in our country, bound as she was so long to the now extinct sovereignty. Few persons, however, cared to follow two campaigns at the same time; and the larger one was not only the more important politically, but had the advantage of being vividly and rapidly described as it went on. The peculiar circumstances of the Hanoverian army on its retreat, and its pursuit from each quarter by vigilant enemies, prevented the scene being reached by any of the wandering Englishmen who filled our journals with their letters. Hence the circumstances of the disastrous march, and of the brilliant combat which closed it, have been left to be gleaned from German authorities writing chiefly on the Prussian side. It is very creditable to the historical accuracy of the nation that an account so truthful as that we are noticing should have appeared within a few months of the events. This "Narrative of an impartial Eye-witness" is actually in tone what the anonymous author wished it to be, and the accuracy of his details has been so universally admitted by the German press that we may accept them without hesitation. A native of Langensalza apparently, his feelings would naturally be Prussian; yet he has spared no pains to do justice to those who came to his town last year as enemies and invaders, but who have now—somewhat against their will it may be—become his fellow-countrymen.

The work opens with a short account of the rupture between the Courts of North Germany. The author shows very plainly that the personal character of the blind King had a fatal influence on the events which preceded the campaign, as well as on its course. Four weeks before war broke out, the Hanoverian Minister at Berlin had declared that his country would remain neutral in the event of hostilities between Austria and Prussia. George V. had, however, a deep-rooted jealousy of his more powerful and popular neighbour, and an overweening, almost fanatical, confidence in his own divine regal rights. The first quality drove him into the arms of the party at Frankfurt who were seeking to bring the princes of the minor States into open opposition to Bismarck; the second caused him to reject the offer of neutrality which King William made as a counterpoise to the Federal vote against Prussia, and to disregard the wishes of his subjects as expressed by the Chambers, as well as the fears of the municipalities. The night of the 15th of June (the day on which the Prussian ultimatum arrived) brought him a deputation from the City Council of the capital, which in vain entreated him at the last hour to avert the threatened danger by accepting the proposed conditions. The reply of the monarch showed his utter want of political judgment, for he not only refused their request, but spoke of maintaining himself with his army in the southern part of the kingdom until better times. He declared that this resolve was his duty as a Christian King; but according to a well-credited report, he had that afternoon dismissed his Court preacher in disgrace for pointing out to him that it might possibly be God's will that he should leave some of his regal rights in abeyance for the good of his people. The quiet people of Hanover shuddered at the obstinacy which thus sacrificed their city to Royal pride. When, on the 17th, the churches were crowded with anxious worshippers, imploring protection against the approaching enemy, there were not wanting those who thought the words of the epistle for that Sunday, "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time," a special message to their Sovereign, impiously disregarded. The same day brought them his proclamation from Göttingen, announcing that he had finally decided to refuse the Prussian terms, as inconsistent with his sovereign rights and duties. On the following morning the capital was in Vogel's hands, and tasting the hard realities of hostile occupation.

No part of last year's history is more honourable to those concerned than the staunch conduct of the little Hanoverian army under the trials of the next few days. From every part of the

* Die Hannoveraner in Thüringen und die Schlacht bei Langensalza. Langensalza: Klinghammer

kingdom the soldiers on furlough voluntarily made their way to the appointed rendezvous, marching often by night, and avoiding the main roads, so as to escape the Prussian columns. Within five days the greater part of the men liable to serve had come in, and the Royal staff at first displayed corresponding energy. The cadres of the corps were completed by commissioning the cadets from the Royal College. The University furnished medical students for the hospital department. A vast number of horses had been collected for the artillery and for the waggon-train, which the attendance of the Court made of inordinate length. King George himself appeared constantly on horseback, his steed led by an adjutant, whose charge was to give the blind monarch due notice when there was a salutation to be returned. At 5 A.M. on the 21st, he led his troops out of Göttingen (the trains having left the night before), and began the attempt to force a way southward to meet his allies. Long before this the notion of maintaining the defensive had been abandoned, since it was known that Vogel was passing through the capital with Goeben's and Manstein's divisions, each equal to the Hanoverian army in numbers; whilst a third, still stronger than either, was moving northward under Beyer, from Cassel, and threatening to take the troops at Göttingen in rear.

The first thought of escape had been by the route thus occupied, but since the formidable nature of the force that barred it became known, it was decided to take a south-westerly direction through Prussian Saxony and the adjacent duchies. No enemy was as yet heard of in that quarter. The Bavarians were as near to it as to Cassel, if they chose to advance to their ally's aid. A first-class *chassée* led across the district in a straight line to Gotha, beyond which point the country to be traversed was wholly on the side of Austria and the Bund. Although Goeben's troops were approaching Göttingen from the north, and Beyer's outposts from the south-west, a moderately quick march would easily have kept the rear of the column beyond their reach. One thing only was lacking—the decision necessary for carrying out any military operation of importance. If General Arentschild, who nominally commanded, possessed this quality, it was neutralized by the presence of his King, who had at the outset superseded one commander, and was quite capable of repeating this in his successor's case. For George V., though totally blind, would still be his own general-in-chief.

At 9 A.M. on the 21st the advanced guard entered and occupied the Prussian town of Heiligenstadt. Fearful of having their horses seized for transport, the inhabitants of the first villages on the road had fled, and certain Berlin journals have since taken occasion to say that the march began with plunder. Our author takes especial pains to combat this fable, and to prove from personal evidence that the Hanoverians did their utmost to spare and protect the most exposed property. Their temperance and good order won, according to him, the sympathy of the hostile population during the brief campaign. The animosity of the latter was reserved for the Austrian ambassador, who never left the King's side, and is supposed to have urged on resistance to the last. Head-quarters by that night at Heiligenstadt, the army having made fifteen miles, and the train passed through before daybreak; but the next stage was to Mühlhausen, more than twenty miles distant, and so straggling was the convoy, and so loose the marching for want of looking after (the King and staff having gone on to the town to sleep), that the evening of the 22nd found the bulk of the troops quartered at Dingelstadt, having made but seven miles. The advanced guard, however, reached Grossengottern, five miles beyond Mühlhausen and half-way to Langensalza, showing how easily proper exertion might have brought the main body to the former place. It is true that the evening proved rainy, but the road was in perfect order, and the soldiers, taken mostly from a race of hardy peasantry, cared little for the weather which served their superiors as the excuse for an early halt.

From Langensalza, by the main road, to Gotha, still running south-west, is but eleven miles. From the same place there are also two cross-roads, through an open country, such as guns can pass over easily, to Eisenach, eighteen miles to the south-east; and as a passage into Bavaria from the latter town would be even easier than that from Gotha, Von Moltke, in his office at Berlin, had made up his mind that the Hanoverians would head for it, and had ordered the Gotha contingent, and a few Prussian depôts which had joined it, to post themselves there. These troops, numbering barely 3,000 men, all that could be gathered to bar the escape, had been occupying different positions before Eisenach from the 20th. On the morning of the 23rd, when the Hanoverian advanced guard drew into Langensalza, not a single soldier was in Gotha. The town was in all the confusion which might have been expected with the enemy within an easy hour's ride, and with no protection save a single squadron of Landwehr cavalry, posted at Warza, four miles out on the Langensalza road. A single determined order issued at daybreak would have brought the advanced guard to Gotha in time for breakfast, and an hour's work upon the railroad on either side of the town would have cut off the latter from the troops at Eisenach and from any succours coming from the East. No such order was given. Owing partly to simple indecision, partly to the clever ruse of the Landwehr Captain, Von Wydenbruck, who sent into all the adjacent hamlets to order quarters and rations for some thousands of Prussians, no attempt was made to advance out of sight of Langensalza, and the day passed by on the Hanoverian side in elaborate arrangements for bivouacking in the town and adjacent villages. On the other hand, at Duke Ernest's request, the troops at Eisenach were

brought back by train and posted to protect his little capital. Thither that evening came Major Jacobi of the Hanoverian staff, duly commissioned by General Arentschild to treat with the authorities at Berlin.

It seems that the Colonel of the Gotha contingent had been ordered by Von Moltke to summon the whole Hanoverian army to surrender as soon as it approached. This bold demand (or *ruse*, it may be termed, under the circumstances) appeared at first to have failed, inasmuch as the captain who carried it from Eisenach on the 20th was put under arrest for want of authority for his mission. It had, however, worked its intended effect, and, coupled with the reports spread by Von Wydenbruck, brought disastrous hesitation into the Hanoverian head-quarters. Hence the mission of Jacobi, who was sent to ascertain personally whether the army was really so surrounded that it might capitulate without dishonour. The message he brought was telegraphed to Von Moltke, and the reply, signifying a general desire to treat, was soon carried back to the King at Langensalza. Von Jacobi was not long in returning to Gotha, where he now made the simple proposal that the army should have free passage through, but should remain neutral for a certain time (*eine Zeit lang*) afterwards. This was at once accepted by Bismark in the name of his Sovereign, who dispatched General Alvensleben from Berlin to settle the details direct with King George. The latter, however, had now changed his mind, and, on receiving this prompt reply, sent another messenger to Gotha to disavow the offer of Jacobi, who was said to have gone beyond his instructions. That officer has since endeavoured earnestly to have the matter brought to trial, and, though not obtaining this, has convinced the public in Hanover and Prussia of his perfect good faith. There can be no doubt that the King was induced to repent of his easy yielding to become a neutral, and had once more thought it his duty to fight his way out. Jacobi's fault appears to have lain in this, that, on hearing the pacific message of Bismark, he took upon himself to stop the movement of a Hanoverian brigade which Arentschild had moved that day on Eisenach, now held by only two weak battalions. This brigade (Bulow's) had actually seized the railroad between Gotha and Eisenach, and the passage for the army was opened had it been collected there. Bulow did not, however, follow his advantage, being restrained by Jacobi's request, and in want of definite instructions. Next day, instead of advancing, the King, hearing of Alvensleben's arrival, entered into fresh negotiations with him, and finally into a twenty-four hours' truce, which gave time for Goeben's troops to come round by rail to Eisenach and effectually intercept his army. Probably he now depended upon the Bavarians, to whom he had despatched a trusted envoy; but from this time the game of delay went entirely against him. Every hour added to the investing forces. The brilliant but useless victory of Langensalza served only to show that the valour of his troops had been tested too late, followed as it was immediately by capitulation, and the loss of his crown. A little more of moderation in counsel or of energy in action might have preserved the throne which now seems lost to his house for ever.

SOME AMERICAN VERSE.*

ALL the conditions of American society seem to point to the rise of a new and characteristic school of poets, and yet, with perhaps the single exception of Whitman, we get nothing from among the crowd of versifiers across the Atlantic but a style with which we are only too familiar at home. The vastness of the country, the infinite variety of its natural aspects, the force and energy of the national character—even the intensely commercial spirit, by breeding a vigorous reaction in the best minds—all might be expected to give us something very different from artificial classicism, stale romanticism, and puny drawing-room mediocrity. Unlike everything else that is American, American verse—still excepting Whitman's—is feeble, commonplace, and pretty. It runs in thin rivulets along familiar channels, unaugmented from all the springs which appear to be bursting forth on every side of them. The national mind, in everything that concerns æsthetics, travels in the European track, and it lags a long way behind even in that. American verse-writers translate pieces from the Italian or the German, but they add nothing. They are accomplished, but they do not originate. They are polished, but they are neither strong nor remarkably fresh. That fine poetry must one day come from America is tolerably certain, if we may put any faith in the law that a strong and vivid character, penetrated with spirit and sensibility—as the American character, in spite of an outside coarseness or grotesqueness, certainly is—must in time find some expression in a beauty of form entirely its own. Meanwhile the verses before us are a fair specimen and sample of most American verse. We can recall within the last five or six years a couple of score or more of volumes which might all have come from the same mind as Mr. Montclair's *Themes*. They are marked by smoothness of versification, prettiness of phrase, purity of thought, and essential poverty and mediocrity. In these respects, of course, they are no worse than most English verse which has appeared within the same time. The strange thing is that they are bad, on the whole, in just the same way in which the English verse is bad. The writers seem to have undergone few peculiar influences of their own. The measures, the phrases, the allusions, the images, receive few new turns or new

* *Themes and Translations*. By John W. Montclair. New York: 1867.

colours from crossing the Atlantic. Tennysonisms, gently intermixed with occasional Emersonisms, greet us at every turn. There are passages, according to a Boston critic, in a poem in the present volume, "that have the true golden chime, and seem as if written in answer to the Roman Emperor when he asked what songs the Sirens sang." On the whole we fancy the Roman Emperor would have been filled with disappointment when he heard such verse as this:—

Seven are we
Of stellar degree,
Relies from olden
Mythology.
To the constellations
On high we fled,
Ere the Son-of-Man
Arose from the dead.
Safe in the clouds
The rain-storm is spent;
Boreal winds
To their caverns are sent;
The skies have we burnished
To noon-day light,
In the uncounted hours
Of a leap-year night.
Long did we roam
In the valley of death,
Where our spirits, clay-prisoned,
Drew heavenly breath;
Ere time bid Olympus
Fore'er pass away,
And gave life the canker
Of early decay.

Serpent and songster
Rest 'neath the same shade;
Felon and judge
Out of brothers are made;
One doomed a vagrant,
One born princely heir—
Lifted to greatness,
Or hurled to despair.

Though the Gods, star-banished,
Are lost to power,
Spirits of beauty
Lurk in the flower;
Or nestle beneath
The humming-bird's wing,
And their eyes peer out
From each gem-decked ring.

It is much to be doubted whether so wise a man as Ulysses would have allowed himself to be stayed by such very commonplace music as this. Did the poet ever ask himself what there is at the bottom of his verse? what idea, what picture, what suggestion of thought, what delight of sense? He may believe that he has found the secret of the old blitheness of the Greeks, their brightness, their feeling for nature. Alas! talk about humming-birds, and gem-decked rings, and spirits of beauty lurking in flowers, is not enough to bring back gaiety to the Muse. A prize poem at a ladies' seminary could be gay and blithe up to this point. We should like, too, some explanation of "the uncounted hours of a leap-year night." In what sense can the Pleiades be said to burnish the skies to noon-day light in the uncounted hours of a leap-year night? The poet may claim that this is a free and lively exercise of fancy; but fancy in the mediocre mind, unless you keep a very tight rein on it, is extremely apt to become nonsense. However, we prefer our poet's fanciful mood to his mood of wisdom. He is like our own great Tupper, only in a brisker humour than the cares of philosophy generally permit to the English sage. For example:—

Many a noble dwells landless and lone;
Many a catiff reclines on a throne.
Many a chief bears the chain of the slave;
Many a martyr goes mute to the grave.
Many achievements, and early renown;
Many misgivings to vie with our own.
Many the victories—one the defeat;
Many the taunts, and the murmurs that greet.
Many were learned, if they kept what they read;
Many were wise, if they knew what they said.

This is thoroughly Tupperry, but it is Tupper lightly tripping instead of gravely stalking over the vast thrice-reaped fields of platitudes and commonplace. We miss that noble sonorousness of line which impresses proverbial philosophy upon the most frivolous mind. It is true that we get instead an oracular obscurity which is impressive enough in its own way. We stand perplexed and awe-stricken before the middle couplet. "Many achievements and early renown," and their "many misgivings to vie with our own." It surely must have been with an introspective sigh that the last line of all flowed out from the poet's rapt soul. Many indeed were wiser if they only said what they knew.

The piece that follows this affects us as it would to look down into an unfathomable and unbottomed abyss. The mind is seized with dizziness as it contemplates the vast profundity of meaning which may, for aught we know, yawn for us beneath these lines. The piece, we should premise, is called "Retribution," and why it should be called this, rather than anything else, is in itself no small puzzle to start with:—

As ye wist, so shall ye do;
As ye love, so shall ye woo;
As ye sin, so shall ye weep;
As ye sow, so shall ye reap!

As ye long, so shall ye taste;
As ye lavish, so shall ye waste;
As ye learn, so shall ye say;
As ye need, so shall ye pray!

As ye hope, so shall ye trust;
As ye rest, so shall ye rust;
As ye die, so shall ye sleep;
As ye sow, so shall ye reap!

In the name of plain sense, what retribution is involved in the proposition that "as ye love so shall ye woo?" Apart from retribution, what does the proposition mean in any way? We would in all humility ask the same questions of the statement, that "as ye long so shall ye taste." It seems to us that only the rhyme, and not the reason, would suffer if we inverted these two sage monitions—as ye woo so shall ye love; and as ye taste so shall ye long. In fact, of the two, the inverted order is rather the less perplexing, though the result even after this wholesome process is less satisfactory than might be desired. We do not at all mean to say that these saws are not true. Some of them are clearly so. But unhappily those of them which are not truisms are unintelligible. In other places we encounter some very dark sayings. In some stanzas headed, rather unpleasantly and incoherently, "Which way madness lies," we find it written:—

When pious zeal of all-absorbing aim—
Born out of Grace, from whence Redemption came—
Retreats to cells, and solitary dies:
That way madness lies.

When vagarists and dreamers idly live,
To take what spontaneity may give—
Neglectful of life's "wherefores" and its "whys":
That way madness lies.

The first of these two stanzas is very decently comprehensible, but it is hard to say as much of the second. In the first place, the word *vagarists* does not sound nice in the ear (no more, by the way, does *Abdera* in another piece). Then, are not people who indulge in vagaries the last persons in the world to be content with what spontaneity may give. Besides, why should a readiness to take the gifts of spontaneity imply a neglect of life's "wherefores and whys"? It is just because spontaneity gives us nothing that we are obliged to concern ourselves with reasons and causes. Another stanza in the same poem does not quite carry its meaning very clearly on its front:—

"Convivial Horace" was not Horace mute—
"In vino veritas," who would dispute?
The verity of Folly none denies!
That way madness lies.

It seems to us that there would have been just the same amount of meaning and point if the writer had said:—

Poetic Montclair is not Montclair mute—
In *versu veritas* who would dispute?
The verity of Folly none denies!
That way madness lies.

That this means nothing, that this way nonsense lies, we admit; but it does not appear to lie more in this way than in the way of the poetic original.

We have heard the echo of Mr. Tupper. Hear the echo of Mr. Tennyson:—

Go, find some truer type of woman-kind;
One moved by kindred soul, thy peer in mind,
Whose aspirations will not fail to show
A wife in feeling, a mother in embryo;
Whose every purpose twining with thine own
Completes itself when both to one are grown.

The *Boston Commercial Bulletin* vows that the piece written in this strain is "a gem not often found." Three-fourths of the young ladies who write verse in England have produced lines as like these as possible. They are just the sort of lines which a mediocre person would be sure to write after reading the *Princess*, whether in America or in England. Here is an echo of William Blake:—

Happy Shepherd,
Piping thy lay,
Where the flocks
Are dancing at play;
Life-companion
Of lambs and flowers,
Counting in roses
The toilsome hours.

Thy artless ditties
Have touched my heart;
Design and venture
Forever depart!
And world-ambition,
Be thou forgot,
In leafy riches,
And shepherd lot!

And a very toneless kind of echo it is, if one recalls the original singer. Turning to the translations from German poets in the latter half of the volume, we find much the same characteristics—tolerably correct taste, without life or fire. The voyage across the Atlantic and then back again has not improved or refreshed Heine and the rest, as it would if they had been butts of sherry, or as it might if, as poets, they had found a poetic reproducer on the other side. Mr. Montclair certainly is not that characteristic American poet for whom we all wait, but he shows in an interesting manner how thoroughly mediocre people resemble one another all the world over.

MADEMOISELLE CACHEMIRE.*

THIS is a novel which belongs to a well-known class of French novels. Madlle. Cachemire, as may be anticipated from her name, is one of those ladies whom the author euphemistically terms *femmes de proie*. We have of course the well-known characters and incidents, so well known indeed that they have become somewhat threadbare. The plot is familiar to all students of this class of literature, for it has served, with very slight variations, a whole series of novelists. There is of course the *femme de proie* herself, who is the centre of the usual group, and shows the usual characteristics of heartlessness, extravagance, and thoughtlessness. Equally of course she dies of consumption, and her agonies occupy several heartrending pages at the conclusion. There is the thoughtless aristocrat who wastes a large part of his fortune upon Madlle. Cachemire, and dies with the conviction that he might have spent his money to better purpose. There is the unprincipled adventurer who endeavours to rise in the world by the assistance of the improper lady, and comes to most edifying misfortunes as a retribution for his dishonourable course of life. There are the proper contrasts in the shape of the exemplary young men who live in miserable garrets in Paris, and ultimately work their way to success by means of virtuous labour. And there is the regulation duel, which has been fought so many times over in the pages of French novels, where the totally inexperienced combatant plunges his sword accidentally into the bosom of his adversary, and produces a tragical scene about the middle of the novel. There is one rather more original performer—a cynical philosopher who acts as chorus, and delivers lay sermons, with a very strong tinge of infidelity, upon the singular phenomena of Parisian life.

All this, or nearly all, has been repeated over and over again; and there would be little room for criticism as to the performance except the bare assertion that it was a shade better or a shade worse than the average. It has, however, one peculiarity which must be admitted to be a little more uncommon. We mean that it is a strictly moral novel, as moral as a tract, although dealing with a set of phenomena which the writers of tracts are too squeamish or too inexperienced to treat. The French novels which deal with the *demi-monde* and its ways may be divided into three classes. There is that which frankly abandons all pretensions to inculcating any moral lesson, and which occasionally heightens the artistic effect, and perhaps keeps more true to nature, by allowing vice to go unpunished, and occasionally even to triumph in this world. Then there is the larger class which professes a kind of sentimental morality, and invariably kills off the principal actress by an affecting consumption marked by a certain amount of affecting repentance. As a rule, however, novelists who deal in this article betray such an amount of satisfaction in dwelling upon the details of a licentious life, and show so much skill in throwing the blame of all evil-doing upon an abstract entity called society, that it is rather difficult to believe in the strictness of their morality. The death of the offender against ordinary codes is rather due to the difficulty of discovering any other picturesque ending to a story than to a desire to see justice done. The lady dies so gracefully that she evidently has the author's sympathies. The third class is much rarer, and is, on the whole, the least artistic of all, because another purpose interferes with the natural development of the story. It is that where the author has apparently a *bona fide* desire to show that vice is a very objectionable thing, and that it naturally leads to all kinds of misfortune. M. Claretie makes a sort of apology for treating so unpleasant a subject, even from this moral point of view. He excuses himself partly on the ground—not, we fear, a very tenable one—that it was necessary to describe the *femmes de proie* immediately, because they are about to disappear from society. Some day, he says, an author who wishes to treat of such a subject will have to occupy an exclusively historical point of view. The *femmes de proie* will be as obsolete as the feudal barons described by Sir Walter Scott; and he adds that he already sees symptoms of this good time coming. We hope, although we can scarcely believe, that this sanguine expectation may be justified. It scarcely, however, affords a sufficient excuse for his book; for, in the first place, he can hardly deny that the manners and customs of the genus have been described by French authors with a fulness and vividness of description which to the natural historian leaves nothing to desire. There was, we fear, no need that M. Claretie should be in any hurry to seize a photograph of the race, to avoid the danger of having no original for his portrait. And, in the next place, we cannot believe that he will do much to hasten this desirable consummation. However well-intentioned, his book will be exposed to the danger which attends all novels with a moral—that of exciting curiosity much more decisively than indignation. From the time of Miss Hannah More down to our own, when lady-novelists make such strenuous efforts to put down Puseyism or infidelity or what not by enlisting fiction (that is, we believe, the appropriate phrase) in the cause of truth, there have been plenty of efforts in England to produce that undesirable hybrid, the sermon-novel. Innumerable novels have been spoilt in the attempt, and we might add that sermons have been spoilt too, except that they have generally an excellent security against any such danger. Writers with a purpose have indeed suffered from the general restriction which restrains English novelists from ever mentioning, except in the most gingerly manner, a large part of the modern order of society. Of the general effects of that restriction it is unnecessary to speak

now; but it has at least done one good service to virtue, by preventing novelists from defending it. Art must suffer to some extent from any arbitrary narrowing of the field to which it would otherwise apply; but we may at least congratulate ourselves that English writers find little encouragement to prove by a moral fiction that women of bad character produce many evils. It is a tolerably notorious truth, and the modes by which it is enforced in novels are generally susceptible of a different application from that intended.

Let us, for instance, take M. Claretie's attack upon vice, which includes most of the ordinary topics. Translating his concrete narrative into the abstract proposition which it is intended to enforce, we find it to be something of this kind:—A woman, he says, who leads an immoral life, and arrives at the head of her profession, may spend enormous sums of money, drink any quantity of champagne, and indulge to the full in the *luxe effréné* of fiction, but she will very likely die of consumption in two or three years. Even whilst she is at the height of her power, the supper-parties will often be very stupid, and the guests will mistake mere noise and disorder for real wit and enjoyment. Then the last days will be very unpleasant. The vertebral column will bend, the bones project, the complexion become wax-colour, the eyes be surrounded with a blue circle, the temples become hollow, the legs be extremely thin, and the whole figure be terrible to the unfortunate sufferer herself. Her delirious utterances, of which a page or two is given by way of example, will be terrible to hear, and her friends will probably desert her in her last illness. All this may be a true picture, but then it also may not. It is the old plan of telling the little boy not to go out in a boat on Sunday, because a boy who did so was drowned; but any little boy of average intelligence knows of other little boys who were not drowned. And so it is to be feared that the reader of *Mademoiselle Cachemire* may call to mind some ladies of the same class who have not died of consumption, and not thrown away all their money; and some who have even made good marriages, and lived very happily ever afterwards. As to the heartlessness of the luxury and the want of good conversation at the noisy suppers, it is all very well; but the most respectable suppers are sometimes dull, and even champagne without wit is to some tastes better than no champagne at all. Even the heartlessness of one's friends may be borne with the help of a solid lump of money to fall back upon. It is to be feared that what would stick in the memory of most readers would rather be the luxury which Madlle. Cachemire contrived to enjoy in spite of her extravagance than the bad uses to which she had the weakness to put it. As for the gentleman of an iron will and black hair and a tremendous torso and boundless ambition, who is ultimately killed in a back street of Lambeth for endeavouring to rise by the help of an intrigue with Madlle. Cachemire, he is of still less use as an example. In spite of his iron will and general audacity, he must evidently have been wanting in brains; at least, French manners must be more different from English than we can suppose, if it is a reasonable scheme for a young man in Paris to make his fortune by shooting a distinguished gentleman in a duel and then living with the gentleman's mistress. That is M. Terral's ingenious device for rising quickly in the world, and he naturally has to supplement it by cheating at cards.

There is a certain simplicity in attempting to deter persons from vice by knocking about your unlucky puppets in this fashion, for they are too obviously set up for the express purpose of being knocked about. As for the more general plan of making vice hateful by painting the horrors of vicious society, it wants a more powerful pen than that of M. Claretie—if, indeed, any pen be powerful enough. At least the author must make us feel that he is painting from the life, and that he is affected by the indignation which he endeavours to communicate to us. The combination of the two powers—that of making a description forcible by dint of truthfulness, with that of expressing disgust at the objects described, is rare, if it exists at all; but without it a prose satire must miss its aim. Consequently, however excellent M. Claretie's intentions may have been, the net result of his labours seems to be one more description of a lady of bad character dying miserably; and fictitious deaths of this kind are becoming rather superfluously common.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT is a novel and agreeable sensation to peruse a contemporary history of our own country by a really competent foreigner.* Nothing can be more interesting than to observe how events and personages obscured by the mists of controversy among ourselves appear to an impartial mind. It is needless to add that the value of such opportunities of observation is enhanced by their infrequency. Apart from other causes of error which it might seem ungracious to enumerate, English institutions, like those of the United States, are exposed to misconception from their liability to be imported as illustrations into political controversies. We supply all classes of politicians with arguments—models in this quarter, scarecrows in that. Two powerful parties, radically opposed in every other respect, combine to depreciate everything English, and we have become so accustomed to Ultramontane and Red Republican abuse as almost to forget how numerous and enlightened are our friends. Among

* *Geschichte Englands seit den Friedesschlüssen von 1814 und 1815*. Th. 2. 1830-41. Von Reinhold Pauli. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Mademoiselle Cachemire*. By Jules Claretie. Paris: Denon. 1867.

these Dr. Pauli holds a high place, and his labours in the elucidation of our history constitute an enduring claim to our gratitude, no less than to that of his own countrymen. His present work is a model of appreciation no less candid than generous. We might almost complain that he is too English, that his mind is so steeped in our modes of thought as to deprive him of some of the authority he would otherwise possess with his countrymen; that he is too lenient to our failings and failures, and sometimes reviews with the calmness of a philosopher what would have justified the indignation of a censor. If, indeed, the first moiety of the period of our history comprised in this volume was distinguished for great performances, and the second for great preparations, it must be admitted that both have passages of which we have reason to feel ashamed. In the former the institutions of the country were menaced by assault from without, in the latter by decay from within. The most stormy of recent transactions will give no adequate idea of the violence which agitated the Administration of Lord Grey; and, incredible as it may seem, no recent Administration has betrayed such deplorable weakness as that which for six years directed the Government under the nominal headship of Lord Melbourne. The commencement of a new reign, under the peculiar and affecting circumstances of which we have lately been reminded, also imparts a strong interest to this division of our history; and, however unfortunate Lord Melbourne may have been as a Premier, it will always be remembered to his honour how admirably his good sense and good heart enabled him to discharge the most delicate functions with which any Minister could be entrusted. Sir Robert Peel, however, overshadows every other statesman. His attitude in so long delaying to seize upon the power within his grasp was the sublime either of duty or of prudence, and it will probably be long before we see it repeated. Dr. Pauli has fortunately had access to a most valuable source of information on our party contests in the unpublished diary of the Prussian ambassador, Baron Brunnov. The substance is interwoven with his narrative; few extracts are given, but those suffice to show the excellence of the Baron's information, and the acuteness of his judgment.

Emil Ruth's history of Italy from 1815 to 1850* is a highly interesting work, written from a Liberal point of view, but with great moderation. Though abounding in picturesque incident, the history of disunited Italy is ill adapted for artistic treatment by reason of the necessity of following up many branches of the narrative simultaneously, or else losing sight of all but one. The consolidation of petty States, that bane of the diplomatist, will prove a blessing to the historian. These small Italian Powers may have differed not a little among themselves, "but when they did agree, their unanimity was wonderful." They were always either locked in a simultaneous torpor, or seething and exploding all at once like so many miniature volcanoes. Herr Ruth has done his best. It is probably a pledge of his candour that the prevailing impression left by his narrative is one of wonder how the emancipation of a people so deficient in political knowledge and ordinary judgment should ever have been achieved. Neither Cavour nor Garibaldi, however, has as yet figured prominently in his history, and perhaps the commotions he records may be fairly regarded as the necessary purification of the national movement from its many weak and worthless elements.

If the history of the Italian revolution is disorderly, that of the Greek† is disorder itself. Attention absolutely refuses to grasp the immense mass of detail, and memory contents herself with the watchwords of Scio, Missolonghi, and Navarino. Infinite sameness in apparent variety characterizes the narrative of transactions which are best dealt with in the fashion in which Alexander disposed of the Gordian knot. The more credit is due to Baron Prokesch-Osten, whose skill in arranging and combining information is reinforced by a thorough acquaintance with transactions in which he was himself largely concerned. The distinguishing feature of his work consists in its being composed neither from the purely historic nor the Philhellenic, but from the diplomatic point of view. Greece interests him less in herself than as a piece upon the great diplomatic chessboard. Two volumes of his work are occupied with diplomatic documents, precious as historical records, and interesting as models of specious deceit. We do not wonder that the publication of his work should have been so long forbidden as appears to have been the case.

Herr Ritter‡ has selected an important and little-known period of German history—the silent ferment which preceded the Thirty Years' War. The historian is not here favoured with opportunities for the display of brilliant ability, but has ample need for all the industry and acumen he may possess. Herr Ritter appears to be liberally endowed with both, and the fruits of his research are conveyed in an agreeable style.

Tobler's bibliography of the geography of Palestine§ is a most important contribution to a study of which the abstract interest

and the tangible results continue to augment day by day. The number of works extant upon this subject would utterly astound those who have no acquaintance with it; and the examination, description, and criticism of each by Herr Tobler form, in the aggregate, one of those marvellous monuments of erudition which none would think of looking for out of Germany. The first work which passes under his survey is the narrative of the anonymous pilgrim of Bordeaux (A.D. 333); the last, the "pert" account of Dr. Peter Schegg, in 1865. The point and pungency of our bibliographer's criticisms render his work highly amusing, as well as instructive. More than one celebrated traveller fares very badly at his hands. Lamartine, for example, is branded as "vague, obscure, prolix, discursive, and confused in his dates. Much subjectivity and idle talk. The success of the book says little for the public." Nor does he seem to think much more favourably of Renan. Robinson is apparently his favourite, but many less known writers are also mentioned with high commendation. There is one remarkable omission, that of Miss Martineau, whose graphic chapters probably escaped Herr Tobler's attention from the absence of any express mention of the Holy Land on her title-page. An appendix is devoted to maps and views, the latter of which are now almost superseded by photography.

Count Krockow von Wickerode* would not have figured honourably on the utilitarian Tobler's list if his inclinations had led him to Palestine, for sport is his science, and science his sport. He is, however, a very favourable specimen of the sporting traveller, and deserves respect for the simplicity he has maintained in the face of strong temptations to enact the Munchausen. A tour in North-east Africa would appear to be much more full of incident than of variety. The Count's pages, by no fault of his, are exceedingly monotonous, but reflect on that account all the more faithfully the character of the inhospitable regions between the Nile and the upper part of the Red Sea.

The third volume of Trendelenburg's† contributions to the history of philosophy contains, among others, essays on Leibniz's attempt to frame a universal body of definitions, on the posthumous additions to Spinoza's works, on Herbart, and on the Nicomachean Ethics.

Michel Bay‡ was a professor at Louvain in the middle of the sixteenth century. He reasoned of a "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," and in the course of his arguments enunciated no fewer than seventy-nine propositions which the Pope condemned as heretical. Bay retracted, and died peacefully in his professorship; but his opinions survived him, and, under the title of Jansenism, occasioned a much more famous controversy in the succeeding century. He is therefore well entitled to a place in the theological history, and to the pains bestowed upon him by Dr. Linsenmann, who, while belonging to the Ultramontane or "Dalai Lama" section of Roman Catholics as respects his views, is moderate and reasonable from the constitution of his mind.

The fifth volume of Welcker's§ miscellaneous writings is devoted to archeology. The most important is an inquiry into the composition of the paintings of Polygnotus at Delphi, which is illustrated by a large folding plate containing delineations of these works as restored by Welcker. There are numerous shorter essays, all characterized by the author's usual acuteness, erudition, and urbanity.

Professor Hermann|| is dissatisfied with the current introductions to the history of philosophy, and endeavours to replace them by one in which the various systems are viewed in connexion, as portions of an organic whole. In the execution of this laudable design he appears not always to have remembered that he was writing for students. It is not surprising that the ideas of teachers and scholars on this subject should be somewhat dissimilar; but as the question must ultimately be determined by reference to the wishes and needs of the latter class, we do not anticipate that Professor Hermann will be found to have added one to the list of model manuals.

Dr. Köhler's¶ work on the *Köhlerglaube* of the Voigtlanders is a most interesting and charming volume. It is one of those collections of folk-lore which are at once so interesting in themselves, and so suggestive for the light they cast on the histories and mental processes of rude nations. In this case they possess a peculiar interest, from being engrafted on a yet more ancient substratum of Slavonian tradition. The Slavonic population of the Voigtland was only subjugated or expelled after a series of violent contests, the traces of which survive both in the legends and the language of the district. Just as the appellations of most rivers in England are Celtic, so the name of many a familiar spot may serve to remind the educated German that he and his are intruders upon the domain of a more ancient race. Dr. Köhler seems to us somewhat adventurous in his etymologies, especially when he resorts to the analogy of English; but his industry has been unwearied, and his

* *Geschichte von Italien, vom Jahre 1815 bis 1850.* Von Emil Ruth. 2 Bde. Heidelberg: Bassermann. London: Asher & Co.

† *Geschichte des Abfalls der Griechen vom Türkischen Reiche im Jahre 1821, und der Gründung des Hellenischen Königreiches.* Aus diplomatischem Standpunkte. Von Anton Freiherrn von Prokesch-Osten. Bde. 1-4. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte der Deutschen Union von den Vorbereitungen des Bundes bis zum Tode Kaiser Rudolfs II.* Bd. 1. Von M. Ritter. Schaffhausen: Huter. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Bibliographia Geographica Palestinae.* Zunächst kritische Uebersicht gedruckter und ungedruckter Beschreibungen der Reisen ins Heilige Land. Von Titus Tobler. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Reisen und Jagden in Nord-Ost-Afrika, 1864-1865.* Von Carl Graf Krockow von Wickerode. Th. 1. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

† *Historische Beiträge zur Philosophie.* Von Adolf Trendelenburg. Bd. 3. Berlin: Bethge. London: Nutt.

‡ *Michael Baius und die Grundlegung des Jansenismus.* Von F. X. Linsenmann. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Kleine Schriften.* Von F. G. Welcker. Th. 5. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Geschichte der Philosophie in pragmatischer Behandlung.* Von C. Hermann. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Volksbrauch, Aberglauben, Sagen und andre alte Uebersieferungen in Voigtlande. Ein Beitrag zur Kulturgeschichte der Voigtländer.* Von Dr. J. A. E. Köhler. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

manner of recording its results is highly felicitous. We are especially obliged for his excellent appendix of popular traditions, which are almost as amusing as the famous volume of the brothers Grimm, but of course far more varied in its matter. Alchemy, the Wandering Jew, and the Vehmgericht figure among the constituents of these stories. There is also a capital collection of matches of popular song, inimitable in freshness and simplicity, such as—

What boots the ruddy apple
That's rotten at the core?
And what the pretty maiden
That scoldeth evermore?
And what the ruddy apple
That hangeth on the tree?
And what the pretty maiden
That careth not for me?

It is plain enough, from the vein of sentiment observable in these songs, that the sterner sex maintain the monopoly of poetical composition, and that Mr. Mill's principles have not hitherto made much progress in the Voigtland. One husband, for instance, lays it down most distinctly that it is his wife's business to get money, and his to spend it. Another concludes a catalogue of domestic grievances by this practical but ungallant resolution:—

When I my journey homeward make,
A cudgel with me will I take,
And beat her well, and thus increase
The store of my domestic peace.

M. Wiberg*, a Swedish writer, has found an interesting theme in an investigation of the influence of Greek, Roman, Etruscan, and Phœnician commerce upon the less civilized nations of antiquity. The question is chiefly elucidated by the deposits of coins, arms, and merchandise which have been found all over Europe, the number of which is truly surprising. An excellent map, constructed for the purpose, shows where these hoards have been met with, and marks the limits within which, as determined by them, the civilizing influence of each commercial nation extended.

The work of Beer and Hohegger† is designed to show the progress of education in the civilized States of Europe, both as regards the number and the improvement of schools. The industrial as well as the academical and primary departments of the subject are considered. The value of such a work must manifestly depend mainly upon the accuracy of the statistical information; if this is as exact as it is apparently complete, its importance will not be inconsiderable. There are to be three volumes, the first of which, now published, is devoted to France and Austria.

A curious volume by Dr. Hermann Cohn‡ is incidentally a contribution of some importance to educational literature. It conveys the results of an examination of the eyes of more than ten thousand children, from which it appears that no less than seventeen per cent. are short-sighted, and that the proportion of such is very much larger in towns than in the country. Dr. Cohn finds that the infirmity rarely manifests itself until the child has been some time at school, and he attributes its prevalence almost exclusively to the defective manner in which the schoolrooms are usually lighted, and the bad arrangement of the scholars' desks. He has given some details which will probably arouse the wrath of the masters whose establishments he has inspected.

Dr. Solbrig's contribution § to the most difficult department of medical jurisprudence is valuable, inasmuch as it is principally grounded upon the careful observation of certain remarkable cases of criminal insanity.

The proceedings of the Medical Conference held at Weimar || on the subject of the cholera are creditable to those who took part in them, and to the profession in general. In the midst of much diversity of opinion there is an obvious wish to arrive at truth, and a refreshing absence of anything like charlatanism. They are, or profess to be, verbally reported. The leading spirit would appear to have been Dr. von Pettenkofer, who now edits them. The aged Carus took part in the proceedings.

Springer's essays on the history of modern art ¶ are for the most part lectures delivered to mixed audiences. They are consequently easy in substance and popular in style, while at the same time bearing ample testimony to the accomplishments of their author. Beginning with the faint traces of the influence of antique art on the middle ages, the author follows his subject to Raffaele, the Renaissance, and the allied subject of Rembrandt and the German masters. A disquisition on the tendencies of modern art—the most difficult and ungrateful part of the task—concludes the series.

A little volume of letters on the artistic aspects of the Paris

* *Der Einfluss der Klassischen Völker auf den Norden durch den Handelsverkehr.* Von C. F. Wiberg. Aus dem Schwedischen von J. Meisner. Hamburg: Meisner. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Fortschritte des Unterrichtswesens in der Culturstaaten Europas.* Von Adolf Beer und Franz Hohegger. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Untersuchungen der Augen von 10,060 Schulkindern, nebst Vorschlägen zur Verbesserung der Augen nachtheiligen Schuleinrichtungen.* Von Hermann Cohn. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Verbrechen und Wahnsinn. Ein Beitrag zu Diagnostik zweifelhafter Seelenstörungen.* München: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Verhandlungen der Cholera-Conferenz in Weimar.* Mit einem Vorworte von Dr. Max von Pettenkofer. München: Oldenbourg. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Bilder aus der neueren Kunstgeschichte.* Von Anton Springer. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

Exhibition* contains much excellent, though necessarily slight and hasty, criticism. Notwithstanding the injustice done to British art by the selection of British pictures, these seem to have impressed the writer favourably, although he observes with truth that the portraits are mediocre. The remarks on art-manufacture are interesting and valuable.

Dr. Richter† will not condescend to catalogue particular objects, but resorts to his inner consciousness for ideas on the idea of the Exhibition in general. His speculations, as was remarked of those of a more renowned philosopher, evince a deficiency in the essential points of head and tail.

We fear that, in attempting to reduce physiognomy to a science, Dr. Piderit‡ has attempted what cannot be accomplished. It would not be fair, however, to pronounce decidedly without a careful study of his work, which is interesting, laborious, and copiously illustrated.

Whether the champions of Gothic architecture surpass their adversaries or not with the trowel, they are certainly much more than a match for them with the pen. They have convictions, and the courage which these give. Dr. Reichensperger § is an example. His desultory observations on art are disfigured by bigotry and prejudice, but are more remarkable still for pungency and power. He hits his antagonists very hard, and the unprejudiced among them must at least admire his caustic good sense, and his consistent adherence to his own point of view, which is that of an Austrian Catholic.

* *Kunst und Kunstindustrie auf der Weltausstellung von 1867.* Pariser Briefe von F. Pecht. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

† *Betrachtungen über die Weltausstellung im Jahre 1867.* Von Dr. K. T. Richter. Wien: Pichler. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Wissenschaftliches System der Mimik und Physiognomik.* Von Dr. T. Piderit. Detmold: Klingenberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Allerlei aus dem Kunstgebiete.* Von Dr. August Reichensperger. Brixen: Weger. London: Asher & Co.

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JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

September 1867.

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September 1867.

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